

MATRIMONIAL DISCORD. By Elizabeth Sloan Chesser.
July, 1910. **THE KESWICK CONVENTION.** Price 6d.

THE QUIVER



FOR OVER 30 YEARS



Has been and is still yielding the best results in
CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS & ASTHMA.
 Invaluable for **COUGHS, COLDS,** and the
AFTER-EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA.
 1/1, 3/6, 4/6, & 11/- Of all Chemists.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.
 Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this fact.
 Golden Colour for Fair Hair.
 Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.



FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food



SUPERIOR DRY CLEANING & DYEING

OF
 LADIES' DRESSES, BLOUSES,
 FEATHERS, GLOVES, LACES,
 &c., in Three Days.

PRESCOTT'S' DYE WORKS, CUBLIN.

Carriage Paid One Way.

THE COLLAPSOCHAIR

For HOLIDAYS, SEASIDE and GARDEN

A superior and well
 finished, light Chair.
 The most compact
 Chair in the world.
 Fits in 48" x 4" x 10".
 Weighs only 10 lbs.
 Saves carriage on
 Railway and hire at
 seaside, and will
 pay for itself in a
 season.



Makers of the
 "Alesbury"
 Collapsible
 from 5 14/6
 Cradles 11/6
 Collapsible
 from 5/6
 Camp Stools
 &c. &c.
 on same principle.

Price 9/9

Sent on approval Carriage Paid on Receipt of a P.O.

ALESBURY COLLAPSOCHAIR CO.

(Dept. Q, 153, Old Street, London, E.C.)

By means of Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants
 generally find in digesting
 cow's milk alone is entirely
 overcome.

Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96
 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of
 infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages,
 treating of the care of infants during and after
 weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young
 infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS,**
PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.



"COMPANIONS"



A GOOD COMPLEXION
AND
BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

is an unfailing sign of Comfort. After fatigue it refreshes and stimulates, and is just what is required at such times. It is so manufactured that it is easily assimilated into the system, and has received notable commendation from high authorities.

"Has Won More Awards Than Any Other."

300 GRANDS PRIX, GOLD MEDALS, &c.



THE QUIVER



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

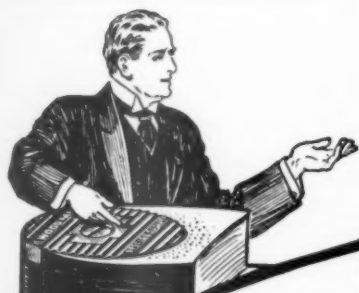
Macfarlane, Lang & Co's 'CREAM PUFF'

*A new Unsweetened Biscuit
having the delicious flavour and light
flaky texture of high-class pastry*

FREE SAMPLE
ON APPLICATION

Victoria Biscuit Works
Glasgow

Imperial Biscuit Works
Fulham, London, S.W.



—but fix your
Wood-Milnes properly !

You do not get the full luxury of Wood-Milne Rubber Heels unless they are sunk almost flush with the leather right at the back of the heel.

Get your bootmaker to fix your next pair this way — and see.

Wood - Milne Rubber Heels give longer wear and greater comfort than any other rubber heel, simply because no other rubber heel is made from the same quality resilient Para Rubber.

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

*The name 'Wood-Milne'
moulded on every genuine heel*

A MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE

HOW TO NURSE POOR-LOOKING HAIR BACK TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Three Splendid Toilet Accessories for Weak and Falling Hair that You May Try Free of Expense.

Your hair won't get better as, say, a cold does, of its own accord.

It needs immediate and skilful attention.

In other words, it requires "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In over a million homes now you will find men and women making "Harlene Hair-Drill" an important feature of the morning toilet, and thousands whose hair has been gradually growing thinner, or weaker, or more brittle, or losing colour, or suffering from any of the many disorders to which human hair is heir, are to-day returning thanks to the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the restoration of their hair to health and vigour and a beautiful appearance once more.

To-day, Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal hair-specialist, to whose patience, experience, and ingenuity the world owes the discovery of this wonderful system of hair hygiene, is still patriotically distributing free trial packages of "Harlene" and the other accessories of "Hair-Drill" among the men and women of this country.

A Great Opportunity.

Now, in order that every reader of THE QUIVER may test "Harlene Hair-Drill" without expense, this famous hair-specialist—whose preparations for the scalp and hair are in the highest favour at all the leading Courts of Europe—is now making the following remarkable triple offer: To every applicant who encloses three penny stamps to cover cost of postage, Mr. Edwards will at once dispatch:

1. A large-sized trial bottle of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair," each bottle containing a sufficient supply of this famous hair-tonic to enable the recipients to make a seven days' trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. Full instructions as to the correct and most resultful method of carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill" by which you can banish greyness, baldness, scurf, and grow a luxuriant crop of new hair in a few weeks' time.

3. A package of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the Scalp, which is absolutely safe to use, contains no harmful ingredients, is most delightful and refreshing to use, cleanses the scalp from all scurf and dandruff, stimulates the hair-roots, and tones up the hair generally.

You can obtain the above trial package, as already stated, by applying through the post, and enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

The practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which every form of hair disorder or hair disease is quickly overcome, and new and better hair quickly grown, is by no means a difficult or tedious operation; for it only need occupy two minutes a day, or fourteen

minutes a week. The hair will become thicker, glossier, stronger every day, and you will see and feel the improvement almost from the first or second application. You will feel a new and refreshing sense of vitality in the tissues of the scalp and the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful; faded, grey hair will regain its natural colour; thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant. Bald patches and places where the hair has become scanty will soon be covered with a growth of healthy hair, once soft, silky, and strong. Scurf and dandruff will quickly disappear. In short, hair-health will take the place of hair-sickness, hair-plenty the place of hair-penury.

You can quickly and easily prove this for yourself free of charge by accepting this generous offer now made by the discoverers of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Miracle-Working Recipe.

Remember, then, as already stated at the outset of this announcement, that your hair, if it be weak, diseased, or falling out, will never cure itself, but require daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" to make it grow lusty, strong, and vigorous. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment of any part of the human structure, and, if neglected, it quickly succumbs to its many enemies, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, thin, and brittle, gives up the struggle and dies. All you have to do is to fill in the accompanying coupon, and send it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. The Edwards' Harlene Company, 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and the package will be posted to you absolutely free. Should further supplies of

"Harlene" be required, they can be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; or will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of postal order. "Cremex" may be obtained in a similar manner, in boxes of six for 1s.



Read this article and you will see and understand why you should never attempt to dress your hair by dipping your hairbrush in water—especially tap water—as it contains mineral and other matters and solutions which destroy the hair. Further, you can read here how you can obtain a package containing everything you will require to carry out a week's test of a method of taking care of the hair which to-day is used by over a million persons.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

A Book of Instructions—A Bottle of "Harlene"—A Package of "Cremex"—ALL FREE.

MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I will try one week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," and accept your offer of free instructions and materials. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of the gift package to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

"The Quiver," July, 1918.

GREAT HEALTH OFFER TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Applications are invited from Every Home for a valuable Health Book fully explaining a method of securing and maintaining Perfect Health and Condition, and curing many kinds of troublesome illness entirely by the Natural Resources of the Body without Medicine or Artificial Means. Age makes no difference, and the offer is open to both men and women. The books are sent entirely gratis and post free.

It is an astonishing but Absolute Fact that 99 out of every 100 men and women who to-day suffer from one or more of the many forms of Ill-Health mentioned below can find in one of these Little

Volumes the Pointer to Perfect Health. Unquestionable proof based upon Thousands of Instances will be found amongst the interesting and Important Information they contain.

Numerous Members of Royalty, the Nobility, the Aristocracy, the Medical Faculty, as well as other Professional and Business men and women, have already applied for copies of these books, and have followed the advice given, with the result that they have found Permanent Relief and cure from their ailments in the Simple but Effective way described. The Offer is Now Extended to All who desire to improve their Health and Condition.

If you have any trouble with your health do not neglect the opportunity of learning from Mr. Eugen Sandow how to become Sound and Efficient in Brain and Body.



Would you learn how they may secure permanent escape from untimely obesity.



A distressing symptom of indigestion. The stomach results at the sight of food.

READERS of "The Quiver" do not require any lengthy explanation to realise the immense value and importance of the offer made on this page, and of which they may freely avail themselves now.

There is probably no home into which this magazine enters where there will not be found some member of the family who is suffering some definite ailment or physical affliction, or who, at least, is not enjoying that state of perfect health and buoyant spirits which is the natural birthright of every man and woman.

To such this offer must appeal, for it is as remarkable as it is simple. All that it is necessary to do to take advantage of it, and to secure any one of these invaluable little volumes, which have been especially prepared by Mr. Eugen Sandow, who, as is well known, is certainly the most experienced and successful specialist in the natural treatment of modern illnesses, is to see whether, in the list of books below, there is one dealing with your own trouble.

If so, fill in the application form at the foot of this page, with the number of the book required, and forward it with a personal letter, giving any particulars you may think necessary, to Mr. Eugen Sandow.

Men and women have travelled from the most distant parts of the world, sparing no expense, to secure Mr. Sandow's opinion of their cases, and take the treatment he prescribes. Now, by this arrangement the same facilities for obtaining advice without being put to the necessity of leaving home to visit the Sandow Institute,

are offered to all readers of "The Quiver," in whatever part of the world they reside. Those who reside in or near London, and can personally visit Sandow's Institute at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., and discuss their illnesses, are cordially invited to do so, and no charge is made for such preliminary consultation.

Applications for the books will be dealt with in rotation, and the volumes despatched as nearly by return of post as possible. As inquirers will certainly be numerous those who desire to be amongst the first to secure replies should write without delay.

THE TITLES OF THE BOOKLETS FOR WHICH APPLICATION IS INVITED ARE:

1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2. Constipation and its Cure.
3. Liver Troubles.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
6. Obesity in Men.
7. Obesity in Women.
8. Heart Affections.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.
17. Circulatory Disorders.
18. Skin Disorders.
19. Physical Development in Men.
20. Everyday Health.
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22. Figure Culture for Women.
23. Insomnia.
24. Neurasthenia.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

If careful particulars are given in a letter with the accompanying form a special letter of personal advice will be sent without charge by Mr. Eugen Sandow, giving an opinion as to whether and how the applicant can best adopt the method of cure in his or her own case.

CUT OUT, FILL IN AND FORWARD.

Post to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

SPECIAL APPLICATION FORM FOR "QUIVER" READERS.

Please send me a gratis copy of Vol. No., with an opinion as to whether my case is one for treatment by your method.

NAME Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.

ADDRESS

My age is Occupation

Ailment or Physical condition from which relief is desired

Give here further particulars and continue on your own notepaper.

ALL APPLICATIONS WILL BE DEALT WITH AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE IN ROTATION.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery of Tatcho, the trusty, honest hair-grower.

"Look at My Hair Now !

Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho?" says Mr. Geo. R. Sims, referring to the wonderful Hair-Grower discovered, made, used, and originally advertised and gratuitously distributed by him. "Ladies confirm my good opinion of Tatcho.

If the Public want Tatcho,

the public shall have it, but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way." What Tatcho performed for Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its discoverer, what it has performed for tens of thousands of our best-known men and women, that will it perform for you. It will arrest the fall of the hair, actually and positively producing a luxuriant head of hair in an astonishingly short time. Chemists and Stores everywhere.

**Tatcho The Hair
 Grower.**

LADIES IT'S QUITE THE FASHION

to have a fountain pen nowadays,
but be sure yours is a LADIES'

'SWAN'

Easiest to fill, safest to carry, most
satisfactory to write with.



Size 1.—Ladies' "Swan" rolled gold or
silver mountings, complete with safety
pin and snap, in handsome case.

23/6

Without Pin, 21/-

May be carried on the Chatelaine, Belt, or Breast Pin without fear of loss or
of soiling the dress. The mountings are handsomely chased, highly finished,
and in excellent taste.

See Catalogue for Other Designs.

"Swans" are ideal Wedding or Birthday Gifts.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Other "Swans" from 10/6 upwards.

May We send our Complete Catalogue? It's Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BRANCHES—75, Chapside, E.C.; 69a, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS;
Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS; and at NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

"LADY HENRY SOMERSET has much
pleasure in stating that after trying many
pens by various makers, she has found
none so thoroughly satisfactory as
the 'Swan' Fountain Pen of
Messrs. Mabie, Todd &
Bard. This Pen is in-
valuable to her, and
she has found that
its use greatly
facilitates
her work."

THE SWAN PEN

LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have
discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth,
and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely
painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for
further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

HELEN R. B. TEMPLE, 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Learn by correspondence the most
profitable and fascinating profession in
the world. It will increase your income.

Prospectus post free.
PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL
(Dept. Q.R.L.) 15, Oxford St., London, W.

AND EARN

**5
PER
WEEK**

OLD

ARTIFICIAL

TEETH

The well-known London Manufacturing Den-
tists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best
value; if forwarded by post utmost value
per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford
Street (opposite Rathbone Place),
London, W. Est. 100 Years.

BOUGHT.

SOUTHALLS

One
Reason

TOWELS

of their great comfort and convenience is the
admixture of absorbent and non-absorbent fibres.
Southalls' Towels are the original and best; purchasers
should not accept substitutes. Sold by all Drapers,
Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists, in silver packets
of one dozen at 6d., also manufactured under their
improved patents, 1/1, 1/6 and 2/-.

A Sample Packet containing 6 towels in the four
standard sizes, post free, in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps from
the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.
Southalls' Protective Apron for use with Southalls'
Sanitary Towels. Very light. Waterproof. Durable and
Adaptable. Needs no adjustment. Price 2/-

The
very
BEST

YOU OFTEN WANT A DELICACY
FOR
LUNCHEON.
BREAKFAST.
TEA or SUPPER.
**PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED
MEATS**

Are the very thing.

Delicious. ———— Appetising

Of all Grocers and Confectioners, at 6d. or 1s., in Earthen-
ware Jars, bearing Registered Label and Signature.

SAMPLE JAR, 7½d. or 1s. 3d., Post Free, from
PLUMTREE, Southport.

OUR COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE.—£400 De Dion Bouton Motor Car, Four Cylinders, 1910 Model.

Second Prize, £15 Cash; Third Prize, £10 Cash; Fourth Prize, £5 Cash; 10 Prizes of £1; and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes.

In view of the great success and wide popularity attained by our last competition we have arranged another on similar lines, only in this case the First Prize will be a magnificent De Dion Bouton Motor Car, valued at £400. Undoubtedly, all will agree that this is a prize worth winning.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

We have reproduced certain portions of twelve advertisements of well-known firms, and all you have to do is to fill in on the form below the name of the firm or commodity to which you think each refers.

This Competition is run in conjunction with "Cassell's Magazine," "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "The Story-Teller," and "The New Magazine," and the reproductions are from advertisements in the June issues of these publications.

This is the Final Set, and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while, should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Any number of attempts may be sent in, and the sets of pictures may be taken from any of the above-mentioned magazines. That is to say, you can obtain your April set from "The Quiver," May set from "The New Magazine," June set from "The Story-Teller," and so on. The cuttings are taken from the advertisement pages of the magazines, and in no instance from leaflets insetted.

The complete sets should be sent in by July 15, addressed "Motor Car Competition, Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."

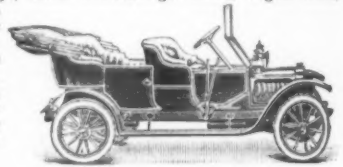
The list of winners will be announced in the number of "The NEW Magazine" published in August.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

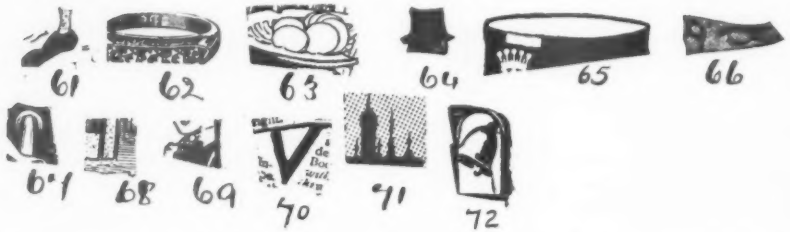
No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

THE MOTOR CAR

will be supplied by Messrs. De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd., of 90, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, W. It is a four-cylinder 1910 model, and embodies all the latest and best improvements, including automatic lubrication, automatic carburation, magnetic ignition, etc. The car will be delivered complete with the best London-made four-seated body, long waterproof hood, folding windscreen, lamps, etc. The De Dion Bouton manufactory is probably the oldest established and largest in Europe. These cars have a world-wide reputation for simplicity, reliability, durability, economy; and the quality of materials and workmanship are recognised as the highest standard in the motor trade.



Set No. 6.



- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 61. | 65. | 69. |
| 62. | 66. | 70. |
| 63. | 67. | 71. |
| 64. | 68. | 72. |

Name.....

Address.....

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—By an unfortunate mistake, item No. 14, which appeared in Set 2 (March issues), was part of an advertisement that appeared in the Australian Edition only. The Adjudicators have, therefore, arranged to cancel No. 14—that is to say, it will be altogether ignored when the lists are checked.



It Keeps Liquids Hot or Cold 24 hours.

In the home a THERMOS
is always useful—summer
and winter.

It keeps liquids hot 24 hours without
a fire, lamp or stove.

- The morning tea
- The baby's food
- The drink for the journey
- Any liquid, any time, anywhere.

And in the Summer it keeps liquids
cold.

The THERMOS is solid—practical—
neat—and easy to clean.

It is made of metal, lined with glass—
and will last a lifetime.

Thermos Flasks

cost from 66 up to 10 guineas.

MAKE SPLENDID PRESENTS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

None Genuine without "Thermos" on Them.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores.
Wholesale only: A. E. Gutmann & Co., 8 Long Lane,
London, E.C.

Say 'C & C'

It is better for every reason to
say 'C & C' and not just
Ginger Ale.

Say 'C & C' and

- you get the original
- you get it pure
- you get a beverage of fine
flavour that you will enjoy.

Say 'C & C'—short for
Cantrell & Cochrane's Belfast
Ginger Ale.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Ltd. (Est. 1890)
Works: Dublin and Belfast.
Depots: London, Liverpool, Glasgow
London Office: Savoy House, 115, Strand,
W.C.



Some Popular Authors whose New Novels are enjoying remarkable Success



Photo: Pictorial Agency.
H. Rider Haggard.

Morning Star

6s.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Every chapter is a record of great dangers encountered and overpast, of dire happenings, or gruesome magic. . . . You are the most desirable of all the old-time maidens with whom the author has made us acquainted."

The Girl with the Red Hair

6s.

By MAX PEMBERTON. It presents a romantic story in his best and most popular vein. The scenes are laid in a 'Varsity town, and the story gives a breezy and vivid picture of modern University life.



Photo: Pictorial Agency.
Max Pemberton.



Charles Garvice.

A Girl from the South

6s.

By CHARLES GARVICE. *The Daily Mirror* says:—"The story is quite in Mr. Garvice's best vein"; while *The Evening Standard*, in describing the heroine, Dolores, says: "She is very beautiful, excessively southern, utterly irresponsible, and desperately engaging."

The Rust of Rome

6s.

By WARWICK DEEPING. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"It is more than a study of character, it is a fine novel of action, love and jealousy alternating through its pages." "Written with undoubted power."—*The Spectator*.



Photo: Perry Hastings.
Warwick Deering.



Photo: C. Vandyke.
Sidney Warwick.

The Road Back

6s.

By SIDNEY WARWICK. *The Times* says:—"There is rather a higher quality than is usual in this kind of story. . . . the title justifies itself in the well-manipulated reclamation to a clean life of the shady Francis Selwood."

The Mystery of Barry Ingram

6s.

By ANNIE S. SWAN. "Here we have a good, strong plot, which at once arrests the attention of the reader. Barry Ingram is a fine figure of a middle-class hero. . . . A very entertaining, well-written novel."—*The World*.



Photo: Kussell.
Annie S. Swan.

Each Volume contains a beautiful Coloured Plate by a well-known Artist. Order now of your Library or Bookseller.
CASSELL & CO., LIMITED, PUBLISHERS, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

Great Health Test Free.

**MILLION MEN AND WOMEN WANTED WHO
DESIRE PERFECT HEALTH.**

**Those who Suffer from Pains in the Limbs, Rheumatism,
Gout, Sciatica, etc., should take advantage of this Offer.**

We want to send free to any uric acid sufferers the means to make them well.

To every person suffering in any way from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or any kindred ailment, this is not only a message of hope portending a pain free future, but particulars of an offer which will mean a speedy realisation of these hopes. A revolution has gradually taken place in the treatment of such ailments; it is no longer necessary for the sufferer, who desires to be cured, to go through treatments which are both expensive and inconvenient. Common-sense men and women, who learn that they can, in their own homes, cure themselves—and do so at a minimum cost and under conditions which make the cure a positive pleasure—will prefer the new method.

To go for several weeks to some famous Continental health resort—such as Homburg, Marienbad, Aix-les-Bains—or to some English spa—such as Harrogate, Bath or Buxton—used to be the only course open to the sufferer who desired to rid his system of Uric Acid, whose presence meant pain. This treatment was always expensive, often inconvenient, and as a general rule unpleasant. It followed, too, that a host of strict rules, as regards dieting, etc., had to be followed, which necessitated a confined life, almost entirely void of customary enjoyments.

To-day that state of affairs has gone—for ever. A discovery recently made, and which has already achieved almost miraculous results in the curing of such diseases as Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., makes it not only possible, but preferable, for the patient to effect the cure in his own home. There are no nauseous drugs for him to swallow, no painful massaging of the body, no revolutionising

of the diet—and the cost of a complete cure, *even in cases of long standing*, is usually only, at most, a few shillings. All that the sufferer need do is to take a hot bath in which a certain amount of Anturic Bath Salts has been dissolved; in this way all the merits of the Continental spas are brought into the British home.

Anturic Salts are composed of the actual chemical ingredients which dissolve and effect the excretion of Uric Acid. Indeed, it has been proved, time and again, that a course of these wonderful Salts often succeeds where the waters of an expensive spa have failed. Within a few weeks the most chronic cases have been cured, and even those sufferers who, because of other methods failing, have grown sceptical, are convinced by a single test of the efficacy of the new treatment. The cure is effected by the total eliminating, through the pores of the skin, of the uric acid in the system.

If you experience pains in the limbs or in the back, or any other symptom of Rheumatism, Gout, Congested Liver or a similar complaint, you are strongly urged to *avail yourself at once of the following offer.*

A full-sized free-trial tin of Anturic Bath Salts will be sent you if you will simply write asking for it. If you avail yourself of this opportunity to test the unique powers of these Salts, the immediate and highly beneficial results will both astonish and delight you.

Simply write to us and say that you are a sufferer from uric acid complaint—that you have never yet tried Anturic Bath Salts, but would like to do so now.

Address your communication to Messrs. Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., 113, Redcross Street, London, E.C., and the *free* trial tin will be forwarded to you at once.

NOW READY

PURITANISM & ART

AN ENQUIRY INTO A POPULAR FALLACY

. BY .

JOSEPH CROUCH

With an Introduction by the Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.

With Photogravure Frontispiece and 15 Full-Page
Plates, showing examples of the work of Raphael,
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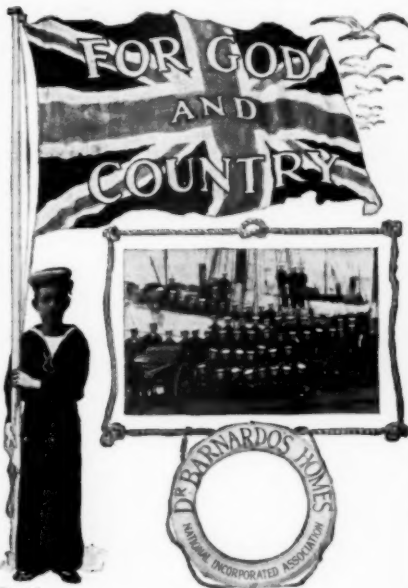
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Epilepsy or Falling Sickness

TRUE STORIES OF A CURE

By JOHN WESTLOCK

SOME months ago I wrote for this magazine a short article setting forth the true history of Ozerine, and telling exactly what this medicine is doing towards the alleviation and cure of one of the most terrible sicknesses that our common humanity is subject to. My simple little story appealed very strongly to many hundreds of readers, and I have been asked to give further information on the same subject.

To-day I have received from Mr. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 27, High Street, Belfast, a large bundle of quite recent letters, each one of which contains the essential elements of a new and true life-story, bearing directly on this matter.

No sentences of mine, however carefully planned, could be made to read so tellingly as these which I am about to cut from the letters before me. It does not take a *clever* person to write the letter that comes first, but it takes a person who has lived under the shadow of a great trouble, who has found a real remedy for his trouble, and who feels sincerely and constantly grateful.

The first letter comes from Maidstone, and was written last month.

"Please send me on another bottle of your wonderful remedy as soon as ever you can, because I am running short of it. I would not leave it off for the world; I would rather go without my food than without it, for, dear sir, I have not had a sign of one fit since I finished the first few bottles."

Here, again, is another letter, coming from Southport, and dated February 18th.

"I am writing again for some more Ozerine. Oh! it is doing me so much good. I haven't had one bad bout since I started taking it. I go out every day now, and enjoy myself. Everybody I meet, who knows me, tells me how much better I am looking, and I always let them know that it is Ozerine that has cured me."

It is very noticeable indeed how in almost every letter the evidence goes to show that the benefit is apparent from the first. Notice these short sentences taken from the letters of parents.

From Barry Dock—dated March, 1910.

"My little girl has not had one fit since she has been taking Ozerine."

From Highland—dated November 20th, 1909.

"My son has not had a single fit since he commenced to take Ozerine eighteen months ago. I am so thankful I ever heard of it, and I recommend it everywhere."

From Llangwm—dated December 7th, 1909.

"I am so pleased to tell you my daughter has not had one fit for thirteen months, and her health is improving splendidly. I enclose £1. 10. 0 for three bottles of Ozerine. Please forward it as soon as you possibly can."

I think, though, that the most really convincing letters are those which come from the husbands. Here is one from Gaudry, dated Jan. 30th, 1910.

"I don't know how grateful I am to you. It is the best medicine we ever tried. It takes a load off my mind to think my wife is able to go about again in good spirits and health. Please send me the next bottle on immediately, and thank you so very much for the sample present which started us using Ozerine."

Another, from Ilkeston, dated April 8th, 1910, runs thus:—

"My wife is still improving, and has not had a fit

since she commenced taking Ozerine. The falling sickness has also left her."

The next to hand comes from Chorley, and is dated February 15th, 1910.

"Your medicine has done *everything* you have said about it. I have ordered it from you for more than two years, and so I speak confidently. Within the last hour I have witnessed an epileptic fit, the sufferer being the son of a friend. I recommended Ozerine, and write to ask you for a free sample for him. I am quite confident that it will answer exactly as it did in my wife's case. From the first dose of Ozerine the fits ceased, and after persevering with the treatment for two and a half years she is perfectly cured. It is now fifteen months since she took the last dose of Ozerine. Yours thankfully, ———."

Two other letters—from writers in vastly different circumstances, and living in different countries—claim special attention in this page.

The first is from Somerset, and runs:—

"I have the greatest pleasure in writing for another bottle of Ozerine. I have not felt the slightest attack since I began to take your sample bottle of Ozerine. I had previously been to eight different doctors, neither of which could help me. I will make Ozerine known to every sufferer from epilepsy that I hear of, for I am confident it is the only cure for this awful complaint. I myself was a constant sufferer, sometimes having three fits in one day."

The other letter comes from Vicomtesse de Cagueray, Hte. Savoie, France, and is dated February 16th, 1910.

"Two years ago I sent for a bottle of Ozerine to try on a poor girl, and this single bottle cured her of epilepsy. She begs me to send for another bottle, as she does not now feel quite well and dreads the illness coming on when she has no medicine to check it. My own son seems quite cured of his attacks, which were much milder than the poor girl's. He was afflicted by these fits from the age of ten years until he was thirty-two. That was a year ago, and it was because the fits seemed to be coming on more frequently that I was more and more anxious to try any remedy. We began with Ozerine on March 28th, 1909, and he has had not one fit since. His stomach had been much weakened and his memory impaired by the constant use of 'Bromure,' the only thing we could get to prevent the recurrence of the fits. But now, under the influence of Ozerine, he is quite a different man. His memory has greatly improved, and he is no longer subject to fits of depression as he used to be. Believe me most grateful for his wonderful cure."

"VIESSE, DE CAGUERAY."

Let me suggest to the readers of this page that letters such as those quoted above tell a story that is altogether believable. Ozerine is not a new remedy, much talked of to-day and forgotten to-morrow. It goes on steadily and constantly, year after year, bringing help and blessing to many hundreds of sufferers who, but for it, had been helpless and hopeless.

J. W.

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Why You Should "Refuse Substitutes"

By J. R. CHARTER,

EDITOR OF "THE ADVERTISING WORLD."

FOR a very long time the manufacturers and traders who sell proprietary articles have suffered heavy loss of revenue through the practice of "substitution" by unfriendly or unscrupulous retailers, dealing with an easily-satisfied public. A person sees an advertisement of, say, Jones's soap, and asks for it at his grocer's; the grocer not having Jones's soap in stock, offers the customer somebody else's soap, or tea, or mustard, as the case may be, most probably his own, or a brand upon which he gets a larger profit, on the plea that "it is just as good."

By this "palming off" of the unadvertised, or different article, for the advertised article, the manufacturers of the latter lose large sums of money; that is to say, their trade is very considerably less than it ought to be in proportion to their trading expenses.

A distiller and blender of a popular brand of whisky recently told me that he put his loss in this direction at no less than 33 per cent.

Many attempts have been made by manufacturers to stop this "substitution," which is obviously unfair to them and to the public, and in many flagrant cases they have successfully prosecuted offenders. They mainly rely, however, on the power of advertising to combat this practice, and for that reason advertisements eternally reiterate: "Refuse substitutes."

Now this question is not one that concerns manufacturers and traders merely; it is of great importance to the public. The public should really and truly, as the advertisements tell them, insist on having what they ask for. It is at bottom a question of self-interest. If you take care to specify the soap or the

tea or the tobacco that you want, it is because you think it will suit you better than any other kind; and, on the other hand, if the shopkeeper offers you some other brand, it is either because he hasn't got what you asked for and doesn't want to have it, or because he will make a bigger profit on the article he wishes to sell.

The reason why the public should take an interest in this matter is that the widely advertised article is invariably superior in quality (in relation to price), than the unadvertised article. This is explained by the fact that advertising is a method of trading which involves a rather high capital expenditure, and therefore the advertiser to be successful must give the public satisfaction. It is a platitude that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement; but in these days it is necessary to advertise first of all to get the customer, and that being a costly process, as I have said, it would be the height of foolishness to let him feel that the goods were not in price or quality what they had been described. It is not on the first but on the subsequent sales that advertising becomes profitable.

Advertising, therefore, makes for quality. The proprietors of such articles as Bovril and Oxo, Cadbury's Cocoa and Colman's Mustard—to mention only a few out of hundreds—could not afford to depreciate the quality of these goods after having spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in creating a widespread knowledge of them. Anyone who has been using a well-known brand of goods for any length of time will know that its quality never varies. The advertiser could not afford to disappoint you; he would have to spend a huge sum of money to get your custom again, if ever he did.

THE QUIVER

Advertising creates custom; it does not maintain it; only the quality of the goods can do that. Men who have made a study of advertising well know that it is useless to advertise an article that the public will not readily buy again when they have once tried it.

There is an idea abroad that the public pays for the advertising, and the retailer very frequently uses it when selling unbranded goods. "Buy this, Madame," he says, "and save the cost of advertising." It is a plausible argument, but it is very misleading. The consumer, of course, pays for advertising, just as he pays for everything else in the long run, but as a fact he pays rather less for distribution on advertised goods than on the other kind. Advertising by its wide appeal to the general public creates big demands, and causes big sales, with the obvious result that the advertiser buying the materials for his goods, producing them and distributing them in large quantities, works at a lower cost than the manufacturers buying and producing in small quantities. No better testimony to the cheapness of the advertising method of trading could be found than that given by Mr. W. H. Lever, the proprietor of Sunlight and other soaps, at a recent meeting of business men in Liverpool, when he said: "The manufacturer can only adopt that method of selling which reduces his expenses; and if advertising does not act as the lubricant to the wheels of distribution, reducing the expenditure at the same time that it makes the sales more plentiful, we should not find it in the position it occupies to-day."

The effect of advertising, therefore, is to maintain quality or to lower prices, and either is to the public advantage. The shrewd business man would rather put surplus profits into the maintenance of quality than into the reduction of prices, because "Quality," as an American manufacturer once said, "remains in the public mind long after the price has been forgotten."

The sum of it all is this: that when a manufacturer has a *good* thing, be it a motor-car or a mouse-trap, something to eat or something to wear, he gives it a name and protects that name by law so that it may easily be distinguished by the public from other articles of the same kind. If he has the means, he advertises it, and if the quality is right and the price is right, the public buys the article in large quantities, and the goodwill of the registered name or trade mark bears a value in direct ratio to the public respect for it. Nobody else can sell goods under that name; and the manufacturer, having familiarised the public with it, is not dependent upon the good offices of the retailer in selling his product, because the public know it and ask for it.

I think I have shown that it is to the advantage of the public that "substitution" should be suppressed. The advertised branded article is invariably reliable for its quality; the unknown, unbranded article need not be because the public does not know it by name.

It is quite possible that the retailer gets a smaller profit on the advertised article than on his own goods; it is not the rule, but sometimes it is so; and the answer is that by advertising to create a demand and thus bringing people to the shop to ask for the thing they want, and by weighing and packing the goods, the manufacturer performs part of the work which used to fall upon the retailer. He is relieved of responsibility in many ways, and if the goods are inferior in quality, the public cannot blame him, but the manufacturer, and refuse to buy any more of that particular brand.

Thus it is that advertising has grown so much in public favour during recent years, and public confidence is enjoyed by the advertised article. It is therefore *always* well to "resolutely refuse substitutes" no matter what the reason given for not supplying the article asked for.



THE QUIVER



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"The British Medical Journal," Feb. 19, 1910.

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MATTERS FEMININE

THE artistically inclined woman must have rejoiced when it became known that after black and white the most popular shades for summer wear would be those soft tints which have a corner in all our hearts. Delicate lilacs, mauves and heliotropes, dim purples and faded violets—these are to be seen in the most beautiful of fabrics, as well as soft greys and an ethereal shade of blue which is reminiscent of the light in still water when the skies are grey above. All these subdued colours seem to demand materials which are soft in themselves, hence perhaps the popularity of foulards, cashmeres, Liberty silk, and crêpe de chine.

When writing of crêpe de chine one is reminded irresistibly of the uncertainty which arose during the late national crisis, when the official order for Court mourning intimated that ladies were to wear black dresses trimmed with crêpe. The use of the French word occasioned quite a dilemma in ultra-fashionable circles, "crêpe" being generally taken to mean crêpe de chine and similar fanciful materials. It was, however, made quite clear by a second official statement that crêpe meant the real old-fashioned English fabric, which has always been so favourite a material with the Queen-Mother, and of which her own mourning dress was entirely composed. Crêpe, as a trimming, has become very

fashionable, and beautiful effects have been obtained by its use for pipings and for covering buttons.

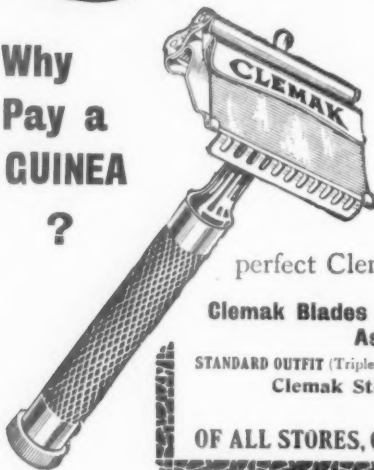
W.A.

Even in these days of rush and hurry there are to be found women who love delicate stitchery, and to whom needlework appeals most strongly. Despite the tendency of the age to buy the ready-made garment, there yet remain many who love to stitch at dainty lingerie, who find a peculiar pleasure in handling the cutting-out scissors, and to whom the fashioning of a garment is a veritable delight. These women will welcome a new needlework manual just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. at the cost of 1s., since, as it rightly claims, the book treats of all the details connected with plain needlework and cutting out. Most useful hints are given as to choice of material for the various garments, needlework stitches are clearly explained, whilst the diagrams which illustrate the work are remarkably clear and easy to follow. "Plain Needlework and Cutting-out," by Mrs. F. B. Townend, is a book which every girl should possess, and the woman who loves needlework will find a shilling well expended on this little volume, since from baby-clothing to a man's day shirt the making of every garment is so well explained that the veriest amateur cannot help but make a success of what she sets out to do.

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BROADWATER HALL, WORTHING (the English School established by the Misses Tritton).

TWIN SCHOOLS

A Short Study of the Methods Employed by the Misses Tritton in their English and French Schools for Girls

By M. STUART MACRAE

THE English schoolgirl is one of the most delightful personalities of the age. No longer is she a demure little miss, with a mouth specially moulded by a repetition of such model phrases as "prunes and prisms" and an unnatural affection for samplers, but—given what is really best in the way of school training—she is the embodiment of happy, healthy vitality, enjoying her life to the very uttermost, and laying up for herself a store of delicious memories that will serve in after life to emphasise the fact that the old schooldays are worthy of being reckoned among the gayest days of girlhood.

The Home Feeling.

There is a growing desire among the most advanced of modern teachers that their girls should look back upon school as a kind of second home. Instances have come directly under the writer's notice where a principal has been almost jealous, in a delightfully feminine way, of even the aunts and cousins of her girls; has argued gently that if "mother" must come first—as, of course, she must—then surely she herself, who aims always at being another mother, may have the privilege of standing second in the girls' affections.

Very much the same sort of feeling may be noticed in the twin establishment carried on under the personal care of Miss Tritton, of Broadwater Hall, Worthing, and Miss Agnes Tritton, of Le Plain Air, Dieppe—sisters who work into each

other's hands in the most harmonious fashion, and who are mutually concerned in arranging both schools for the ultimate benefit of the girls entrusted to the care of either.

The Benefits of the Tritton System.

The happy thought at the back of this novel twin-arrangement of schools is this. It has, especially during the last twenty years, come to be considered absolutely essential to the correct finishing of a girl's education to send her to the Continent, so that she may acquire that facility in the use of foreign languages which seems never to come properly to the girl who remains at home. The necessity for this Continental training, however apparent it may be to all who have the interests of their girls truly at heart, has yet been a cause of continual worry to parents and guardians. How will the girl fare among foreigners? Will she feel unbearably homesick? Will she be in a condition to get the greatest possible benefit from the teaching that is to cost so dear? And, supposing she is ailing, will there be anyone English and homely to whom she can turn for the usual little comforts and tenderesses that are in these days so quickly forthcoming in our English schools of good standing?

Questions such as these weigh very heavily with British mothers, and, let it be added, more heavily still with those anxious parents who are themselves compelled by circumstances to live in distant coun-

THE QUIVER

tries, and who are under the necessity of placing their children in home schools for a period of years.

Under such circumstances the girls may with every confidence be entrusted to the care of the Misses Tritton.

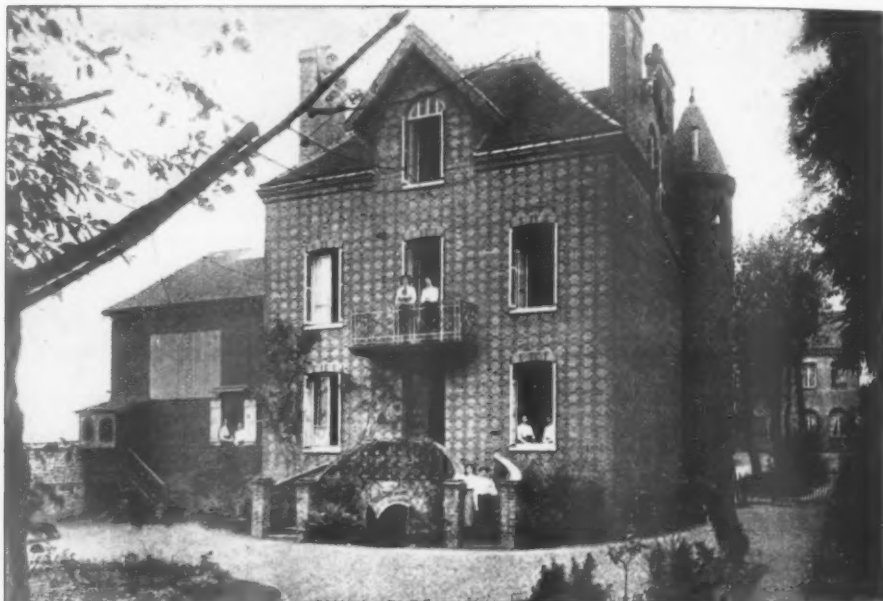
Life at Broadwater Hall.

The girls pass freely from Worthing to Dieppe, according to the wishes of their parents. In Worthing they are surrounded with English home influences. The pupils are entered for the orthodox English examinations—the Cambridge local, the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, and the standard Art Examinations. A Frenchwoman instructs them in the finest needlework, and very special attention is

Outdoor Games and Exercises.

Outdoor games are freely indulged in. Tennis, hockey, gymnastics and horse-riding are all enjoyed by the pupils, and they are also encouraged in a love of practical gardening. The girls who have passed temporarily or permanently from Broadwater to Le Plein Air have an equally happy life on the other side of the Channel. Here they enter more intimately into French home life; conversation is carried on entirely in French, a French chef undertakes the instruction in cookery, and the Parisian galleries, museums, and buildings of historical interest are all familiarised by frequent visits.

Very special and sympathetic attention is paid all along to delicate or backward girls, and the Misses Tritton may be confidently approached by parents



LE PLEIN AIR, DIEPPE (the now celebrated French School carried on by the Misses Tritton in conjunction with their English School at Worthing).

paid to the study of the French language, so that the girls are prepared for a full enjoyment of the delights that will be theirs when they go to Le Plein Air.

Training for Home and Society Life.

Not only so, but the most careful attention is paid to the manners and deportment of the pupils. A Broadwater girl knows, as it seems to her by instinct, but as it really is by gentle and consistent training, how to bear herself gracefully in society; she can entertain or be entertained with equal ease of manner, and she thus adds immensely to her own prospects of happiness and social success.

The sanitation at Broadwater Hall, and also at Le Plein Air, is perfect, and the surroundings of both schools are delightful. Our illustration gives an idea of the situation of Broadwater Hall and of its immediate environment.

and guardians who have a dread of their charges being over-crammed or, what is perhaps worse, left to endure the neglect and suffer the humiliation that all too frequently are the lot of the dull or abnormally sensitive girl.

The Schools as Holiday Homes.

Both Broadwater Hall and Le Plein Air are admirably fitted for the purpose of "holiday schools," and every facility is given for pupils to divide the holiday between the twin-schools and reap the separate advantages and pleasures of both. When a girl has once been entrusted to the care of the Misses Tritton, her parents or guardians need have no fear that she will find either term-time or holiday dull or tedious, the constant and steady aim being so to train and educate the pupils of both schools that they shall be thoroughly well fitted to enter upon an active, useful, and entirely healthful and happy life.

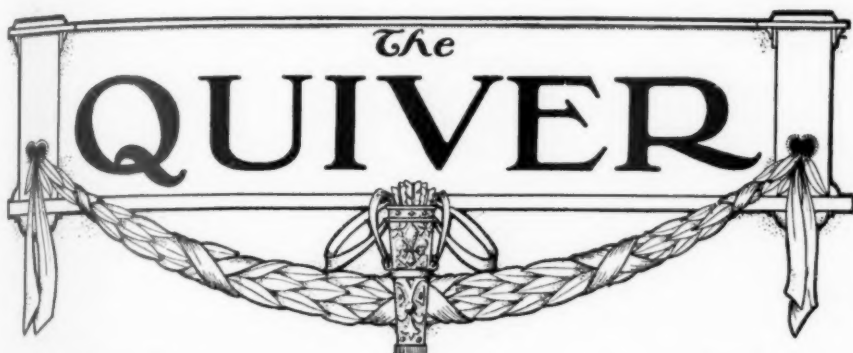


CALENDAR FOR JULY, 1910.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 FRI. <i>Dominion Day in Canada</i> | 17 Sunday Isaac Watts b. 1674 |
| 2 SAT. Cranmer b. 1489 | <i>8th after Trinity</i> |
| 3 Sunday Battle of Sadowa, 1866 | 18 MON. Dean Stanley d. 1881 |
| <i>6th after Trinity</i> | 19 TUES. Irish Church disestab. 1869 |
| 4 MON. Garibaldi b. 1807 | 20 WED. Petrarch b. 1304 |
| 5 TUES. W. T. Stead b. 1849 | 21 THURS. Burns d. 1796 |
| 6 WED. John Huss b. 1373 | 22 FRI. <i>St. Mary Magdalene</i> |
| 7 THURS. Edward I. d. 1307 | 23 SAT. General Grant d. 1885 |
| 8 FRI. Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain b. 1836 | 24 Sunday Alex. Dumas b. 1803 |
| 9 SAT. H. Hallam b. 1777 | <i>9th after Trinity</i> |
| <i>Oxford Trinity Term ends</i> | 25 MON. Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour b. 1848 |
| 10 Sunday Calvin b. 1509 | 26 TUES. Thomas à Kempis d. 1471 |
| <i>7th after Trinity</i> | 27 WED. Thos. Campbell b. 1777 |
| 11 MON. W. E. Forster b. 1818 | 28 THURS. John Stuart Blackie b. 1809 |
| 12 TUES. Julius Caesar b. 100 B.C. | 29 FRI. W. Wilberforce d. 1833 |
| 13 WED. Berlin Treaty signed 1878 | 30 SAT. Samuel Rogers b. 1763 |
| 14 THURS. Bastille Stormed 1789 | <i>Trinity Law Sittings end</i> |
| 15 FRI. <i>St. Swithin's Day</i> | 31 Sunday Dr. Bonar d. 1889 |
| 16 SAT. Sir Joshua Reynolds b. 1723 | <i>10th after Trinity</i> |



LOVE'S OLD SWEET STORY.
(By F. M. Sutcliffe.)



VOL. XLV., No. 9

JULY, 1910

Harold Mackenzie's Quest

A Complete Story

By A. B. COOPER

I

IT certainly seemed like looking for a needle in a haystack, but the firm of Corry and Corry, solicitors, of Melbourne, Victoria, had felt it their duty to leave no stone unturned to discover the next-of-kin to James Tidyman, the old and eccentric millionaire sheep-farmer—a man who, even when he paid one of his infrequent visits to town, would easily have passed for one of his own stockmen.

Many a time Mr. Corry had urged the old man to make a will, but James Tidyman, in rare health, although no longer young, seemed to have an idea he would live for ever, and, putting will-making off from year to year, died at last intestate.

This needle-and-haystack business, then, was what had brought young Harold Mackenzie to England, after an absence of fifteen years. He put up at a quiet hotel off the Strand, and, being of a sociable disposition, soon struck up an acquaintance with another English-Colonial, who had lately arrived from Cape Town where he had sojourned for a dozen years.

That was how they came to exchange cards, and that was how all the trouble arose. The card which Harold Mackenzie pocketed bore the name of Harold Mansfield, nor were their Christian names the

only things they had in common. The fact is they might have been easily taken for brothers, for they had considerably more similarity of build and feature than many brothers possess. They were both fine specimens of that colonial manhood which in cricket and football has made the English athlete look to his laurels. They both had blue eyes, straight noses, and clean-shaven lips. In short, they were a good deal alike without being remarkably so.

After spending a week in London, Harold Mackenzie set off for Edinburgh in response to a cable from Melbourne. Harold Mansfield meant to have gone north with him, as his English relatives lived there, but he had only been in London three days, and so had written to his friends that he had decided to stay in the capital a little longer, and would be with them presently.

Of course everybody remembers the wreck of the Scotch express in the wilds of north Yorkshire. It was quoted for a time as an almost miraculous instance of what can happen to a train running at fifty miles an hour without a single passenger being killed. The driver—poor fellow!—was pinned under his engine, and the fireman was so badly scalded that he died; but no passenger was killed, and, indeed, none except Harold Mackenzie was very seriously hurt.

Even he did not seem to be. There were

THE QUIVER

no bones broken, and few visible signs of hurt; but he was unconscious when extricated from the wrecked coach, and remained unconscious when carried to the cottage of a signalman two hundred yards from the line—and a hundred miles from anywhere else, surely.

Not only so, but he remained unconscious for three days thereafter. Then, with a strange sense of awaking in a new world, he opened his eyes. He made no mental effort to realise either where he was or how he came to be there. He was placidly content to lie inert and let his eyes rest languidly on the things immediately within their range.

The light from the window came from his right, and he felt a languid desire to extend his observations in that direction. He rolled his head slightly on his pillow to effect his purpose, and the next moment one of the angelic inhabitants of this cottage-heaven rose from a seat in the window and glided to his side.

She seemed uncertain. Then she stooped her face close over his and whispered:

"Are you awake, Harold dear?"

Then behind the partial gloom of the curtains perhaps she saw his eyes open, and a look of some intelligence in them, for she gave a low musical cry of satisfaction and stooped still lower and kissed his forehead.

Harold was not by any means sure even then that he was not dreaming, but he had a vague sort of impression that if it were a dream it was an awfully decent sort of dream, and that he had no wish to awaken any further and dismiss it into the limbo of shadows. He had certainly never seen a lovelier girl in any of his former dreams, and that kiss could not have been bettered, except by being planted a few inches lower down.

"Now, Harold, don't bother to ask questions. The doctor says there's nothing very serious the matter with you, but you got such a bang on your head that, though there's no fracture of the skull, it knocked all the sense out of you. The moment I saw your name in the paper, and where they'd taken you, I hurried here to nurse you—and here I am, your cousin Carrie."

Harold heard it all, though it seemed like a distant voice calling to him. Then he dropped off to sleep, or at any rate entered upon other dream scenes. When he opened

his eyes again his senses were much more alert. He began to piece things together a little. It was night, and a candle, with a shade over it, shed a very dim light in the room. He turned again to where that vision first appeared to him. The chair was vacant; but on a rocking-chair by the fire sat a middle-aged woman, knitting.

Presently a presence glided into the room. It was arrayed in a dressing-gown of some soft clinging material. It came to the bedside and laid its hand upon Harold's, which luckily happened to be lying on the counterpane.

"Good-night, Cousin Harold," it said. "I see you're awake. The doctor said to-day that you were making splendid progress, and that I should be able to carry you off in a few days." She stooped and pressed her lips to his forehead again. Sick people are so privileged, especially if they be cousins also.

Carrie was down early next morning. The usual letter from her mother had already arrived. She opened it with ordinary interest, but the first words made her clutch the sheet with both hands and her eyes dilate as though she had seen something uncanny.

"My dearest Carrie," it read, "I fear there is some dreadful mistake. I have just received a letter from London from Harold himself, and he says he is coming to Newcastle to-morrow by the ten train. The man you are nursing must be a stranger. I am wiring Harold to change to the slow train at York and get off at Daleborough and call for you and bring you home. At the same time he can investigate this mystery and help you out of an awkward fix."

Carrie felt her face blush crimson as she read it. Oh! if she could only believe that the young man upstairs had been too languid and inert to remember that she kissed him and called him cousin! But she feared he would remember. Could she face him again? How could such a dreadful mistake have occurred? Her cousin's name and Cape Town address were certainly in the paper. How did they come there?

Like a sensible girl Carrie said nothing to the pointsman's wife, thinking that, if it were necessary to explain, the explanation could be made later, when she had the reinforcement of her genuine cousin's presence to support her. Moreover, she



"She seemed uncertain, then she stooped her face close over his and whispered,
'Are you awake, Harold dear?'"

attended to her self-imposed duties of nurse just as though nothing had happened, but she did not exceed them in any way. Certainly all caresses were barred.

Though the patient had not spoken more than a murmured "Thank you—thank you very much," yet his eyes followed her now whenever she was in the room. She could not help feeling rather glad that they did. They were nice eyes—blue and kind.

But she longed for the coming of the real Harold. It would regularise her position somewhat. And about 4 p.m. he came—bluff and jolly, hearty and healthy. He did not know for what he had come, except that his cousin, whom he had not seen for many a long year, was there for some inscrutable reason. But he looked grave when Carrie, after their first greeting was over, and to the accompaniment of a cup of tea, told him how she had been placed in a most awkward position.

"Dashed awkward!" said Harold, poisoning his bread and butter half-way to his lips.

"More awkward than you think," said Carrie. "I treated him not only as a sick man, but as a sick cousin."

"Kissed him and—all that?" queried Harold.

Carrie nodded, with a shy, perplexed air.

Harold slapped his knee with his big hand and roared with laughter.

"What I have missed!" he said.

"Will you come up presently and—if he's able to bear it—explain?" said Carrie.

"Bless me, yes," said Harold. "There's no harm done. If he'd pass for me he must be a decent sort."

"No fishing," rebuked Carrie. "But—he is *that*, at least. And—I'm sure—he's a Colonial."

"Oh? That's interesting. Let's have a look at him now."

The two went softly upstairs. Carrie

THE QUIVER

stayed discreetly at the foot of the bed whilst Harold the Second went to look at Harold the First.

"Well, I suppose I've woke up in real earnest at last," said the sick man. It was by far the longest sentence Carrie had heard him utter. "What brings you here, Mansfield? Saw my name in the papers, I suppose? It's awf'ly good of you."

"Well, by Jimini!" was all that Mansfield could utter.

"Why! Do you know him?" cried Carrie from the bed-foot.

"I'd no idea that you were in the accident, old chap," said Mansfield. "In fact, I never read the names. And even if I had I should have been little wiser, for it seems my name appeared in place of yours."

"You don't say so. How ever did that come about?" said the sick man with quite wonderful animation.

"I've no idea."

A silence fell for a moment. The clock on the mantelpiece seemed suddenly to tick loudly.

"I know," said Mackenzie. "I had your card in my watch-pocket. My own card-case was in my bag in the van."

Carrie, in her interest, had sidled along the edge of the bed, and was standing at her real cousin's elbow.

"This is my cousin, Miss Carrie Smith, from Newcastle," said Mansfield.

"How do you do?" said Mackenzie.

II

Four days later the three were in the diner bound for Newcastle. The invalid was well wrapped up, and his "nurse" being in attendance, he was not likely to take much harm. Mackenzie had yielded to Mansfield's pressing invitation to spend a few days at Newcastle and to his confident assurance that "Aunt Margaret" would receive him as a man and a brother. When Mansfield had looked towards his cousin for confirmation, that young lady had added her assurance that her mother would make him very welcome as "Harold's friend," but as she looked through the window while she said it, Mackenzie was unable to judge whether she herself was for or against the plan.

She had been a little stand-off and dignified since the real Harold had arrived, and up to the present Mackenzie had done his best to give her the impression that the whole

affair was a sort of providential mystery to him, and that he remembered nothing of what had taken place while he was in a semi-conscious state. It was a difficult rôle to play, but he played it reasonably well, and kept up the pretty fiction commendably.

There was no doubt of "Aunt Margaret's" welcome. It was only second in heartiness to the way she welcomed her long-absent nephew, and her garrulousness and jollity served very well to cover the other Harold's somewhat difficult position.

When Harold Mackenzie awoke in the morning the wintry sun was shining through the window of his bedroom, and again, for a few moments, he experienced that sensation of awaking in new and inexplicable surroundings. Then he found himself staring with a strange sense of recognition at a daguerreotype on the wall. It was a speaking likeness of its subject, and as Mackenzie stared at it he felt a sort of oppression of the mind consequent upon a seemingly futile effort to recall the occasion where and when he had seen those well-marked features—large nose, bushy eyebrows, firmly compressed lips—before.

He raised himself upon his elbow and craned his neck to get a better view, and then, with a sudden exclamation, he bounded out of bed and put his nose within three inches of the glass which covered the portrait.

"It might be he," he said aloud, "in spite of the old stock and high-collared coat. He had an old-fashioned face himself. But this must be fifty years old, though. I wonder—I'll ask Mrs. Smith the moment I get downstairs."

He hurried over his dressing, but the breakfast bell rang before he had finished, and when he reached the little morning-room he found the other three sitting round the table.

He shook hands with "Aunt Margaret" and Carrie, and with a nod to Mansfield sat down in the place left vacant for him; then, even before cracking his egg, he turned again to Aunt Margaret, and said:

"Who is the old gentleman in the stock and white choker hanging on my bedroom wall? A fine face that!"

Aunt Margaret's face lit up with evident pleasure. She had a good face herself, and as she smiled her own likeness to the face upstairs flashed out for a moment

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"'I knew it!' cried Mackenzie, jumping up and sending his chair sprawling behind him"—p. 796.

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unmistakably. He knew her answer before she spoke.

"Why, that's my dear old father," she said, "taken—how long ago?—well, when I was in my teens, at any rate. I was the youngest, though, and I'm the only one left. Two of my sisters died unmarried"—Aunt Margaret was hard to stop when she was really well started—"and the other one, Harold's mother, died when he was a baby, and he lived with me until he followed a roving instinct which seems to be in the blood, and went off, like his Uncle Jim before him, except that, thank God, he didn't forget his kith and kin."

"Who was Uncle Jim, then?" asked Mackenzie, pricking up his ears.

"Why, my only brother, to be sure—the eldest of the family, who, one would have thought, would have been a second father to us when our own father was taken. But he wasn't. He went off to Australia at the time of the gold rush, and, with the exception of two or three early letters written from some outlandish place—called Digger's Gulch, near a river, I think—Yarra Yarra, or something like that—I've never heard a word from him."

"And what was his name?" asked Mackenzie, trying to look some degrees less interested than he really was.

"Why, the same as mine—he was my brother," laughed Aunt Margaret.

Carrie's laugh rang out.

"You changed yours, you know, mother," she said roguishly.

"To be sure—to be sure," said the old lady, shaking her head in a bewildered way.

"I was back in my teens. Why, his name was Jim—Jim Tidyman."

"I knew it!" cried Mackenzie, jumping up and sending his chair sprawling behind him on the fender.

"Gracious me!" cried Aunt Margaret, evidently doubting whether the effects of the bang on this pleasant young man's head could be wholly a thing of the past. "What's—what's the matter?"

Carrie had paused with her cup of coffee raised, and now stared over the top of it at the galvanic young man, while Mansfield seemed to be prepared for anything between soothing this sudden madness into quiescence or pinning the madman to the floor.

But Mackenzie was too excited to notice any of these things. He seized Aunt Mar-

garet's hand, and shook it until the poor lady gasped for breath.

"You're the very identical person I've come all the way from Australia to find," he said. "Why, of all the luck! If it hadn't been for that exchanged card I might have rambled all over the British Empire and gone back to Melbourne at the finish without discovering a hair of you; and here you are—the very identical one!"

Mackenzie felt a hand upon his shoulder, which suddenly checked his whirl of words.

"Come, old chap," said Mansfield, "you're just a bit excited this morning—hadn't you better go and lie down again for an hour? You know, a fellow can't have a bang on the head like—"

Then it was Mackenzie's turn to laugh, and, being undoubtedly excited, he laughed till the tears came. The others thought this was an hysterical phase, and Carrie, being his nurse, considered it time she took a hand.

She came round the table and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You are not strong yet," she said. "Come and let me make you comfortable in the easy chair."

That checked him. He looked down at the eager, uplifted face, and Carrie knew then and there that, whatever else Harold Mackenzie was, he was by no means out of his senses.

He suddenly sat down on the chair which Mansfield had set again upon its legs.

"I knew James Tidyman as well—as well as—yes, a great deal better than I know you," he said.

Aunt Margaret's face was a study.

"Knew him!" she said. "You! Why, I thought he'd been dead these twenty years."

"He died just seven months ago at Digger's Gulch on the Yarra Yarra."

"Oh! and to think he never replied to all my letters!" cried Aunt Margaret.

"He was very odd—very odd. And for years he'd lived—what do you think?" asked Mackenzie.

"I've no idea," said Mrs. Smith, "but I reckon it was, perhaps, for himself."

"Yes; but for something else which he couldn't take with him when he took his final trip. He died worth something in the neighbourhood of a million sterling!"

"A million!" exclaimed everybody at once.

HAROLD MACKENZIE'S QUEST

"And who has he left it to?" inquired the simple-minded old lady, between her gasps.

"Just to no one at all," said Mackenzie. "I've come to find his heirs-at-law, and—I've found them! I believe they are all in this room."

It was practically essential that "Aunt Margaret" should go to Melbourne in connection with the proving of her title to James Tidyman's vast estate, and it was just as inevitable that Harold Mansfield should go with her to take care of her, and that Carrie should go to take care of both of them. Could anything be more fitting either than that Harold Mackenzie should consider it his duty to pilot his wonderful find to their desired haven?

There is no situation more conducive to love and love-making than shipboard. A man can make himself so essential to a woman's comfort and well-being in the narrow limits of a steamboat, with the boundless ocean stretching day after day to the horizon's rim.

Something, however, had made a difference to Harold Mackenzie, and Carrie felt it, and thought she knew what it was. He was an ambassador, charged with a mission. He felt much as a guardian feels towards his ward in Chancery. And, besides, he was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and she was going to be worth hundreds of thousands.

They were in the Mediterranean. It had been a hot day, but, the sun being gone, a chill wind had sprung up. Yet Carrie still sat on her deck chair, her crochet-work and hands fallen upon her lap, and her eyes looking across the dark blue water.

"You'll be cold," said a low voice behind her. "Let me put this round you."

Something soft and cosy came about her shoulders, and she felt the pressure of strong arms as they passed the rug about her neck. She leaned her head far back and looked up into the face that stooped over her. It was a direct, though unpremeditated, challenge, and she meant it to be—for what shall it profit a woman to gain half a million and lose the man of her heart? What, indeed?

Harold stooped lower to adjust the wrap, and touched her forehead with his lips. A little musical laugh came out of the folds of the rug.

"You've been a long time, sir, repaying me what never really belonged to you—those cousinly kisses I gave you."

Then they were repaid—repaid, surely a thousand-fold—in the semi-darkness of that lovely southern night, under glistering stars, to the rhythmic beat of the engines and the long hissing swish of the sea running out and out on the white road that went back home. Ah! there is no joy like that! The first rapturous hour of love's revelation!

"I think I loved you," said Harold presently, "even when I was only semi-conscious, when you first stooped to kiss me."

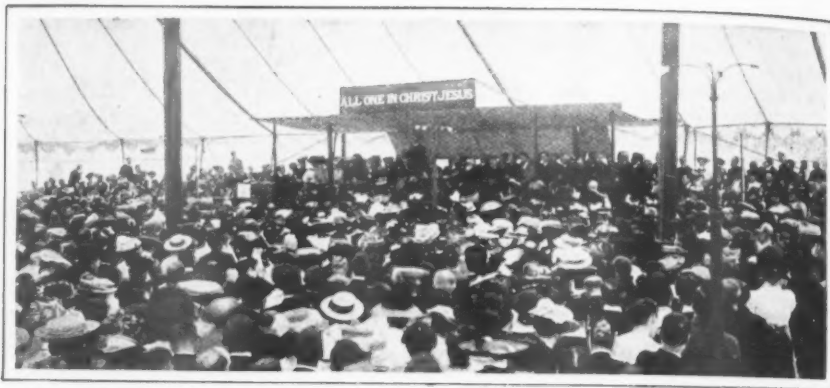
"Do you know, Harold," said Carrie—also presently—"that I was awfully glad when I found I'd been nursing the wrong man and that you were not really my cousin."

"Why?" said Harold, innocently.

"Well, you know," said Carrie, "there's such a strong prejudice against cousins marrying."

Then Harold, who had already repaid his debt with fabulous interest, began on the payment of a liberal bonus, until the other Harold caught them in the act, and vowed he would tell "Aunt Margaret."





(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

The Keswick Convention

Some Principles and Features of a Great Religious Movement

By J. KENNEDY MACLEAN

HIGH up in the pleasantly-situated county of Cumberland, nestling among the hills and the lakes, far away from the roar of the city and the rush and the bustle of life, stands the quiet little town of Keswick. For fifty-one weeks in the year the even current of its way remains undisturbed, save for the passing tourist who has come under the spell of the romantic neighbourhood, but the remaining week witnesses a wonderful transformation, the peaceful town waking up to new life and activity, to relapse into its natural condition when the great event of the year is over. During one week in July of each year, Keswick is the Mecca of earnest Christians—Christians not of one Church or of one sect, but belonging to them all, who meet together as followers of the one Master, and give a practical demonstration of the motto which stands above the entrance to the tents in which the Convention meetings are held: "All one in Christ Jesus." The phrase is no empty sentiment, no impossible ideal; the Kes-

wick Convention stands for a common brotherhood of believing men and women that is unique even among religious gatherings, and it shows to the world, in the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The Start of the Movement

It is to the late Canon Harford-Battersby that the Keswick Convention owes its inception. At the Oxford Conference on "Holiness," in 1874, he passed through a remarkable spiritual experience, realising for the first time the meaning of practical holiness, and

on returning to his own parish in the little Cumberland town, as his own son has put on record in his comprehensive book, "The Keswick Convention," "his one desire was that his own people should share with him the blessing which had transformed his life, and which, he was convinced, would have the same influence on all who would receive it." The first Keswick Convention met on Tues-



(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

THE LATE CANON BATTERSBY.
(Founder of the Convention.)

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day, June 20th, 1875, the circular calling the gathering, which was to last for three days, being signed by Canon Battersby and Mr. Robert Wilson, who, till his death a year or two ago, controlled the business arrangements, and worked with heart and soul to extend the principles for which the Convention stands.

In a letter written a few days after the first Convention closed, Canon Battersby thus described it: "We have had a time of extraordinary blessing. More, far more, than our weak faith enabled us to grasp beforehand. 'The Lord stood by me and helped me,' I can truly say for myself; and He was very present with our dear friends, Thornton and Peploe, whose words were with great power. . . . All, I think, agreed that we had the Presence of the great Paraclete in greater fulness than at any former

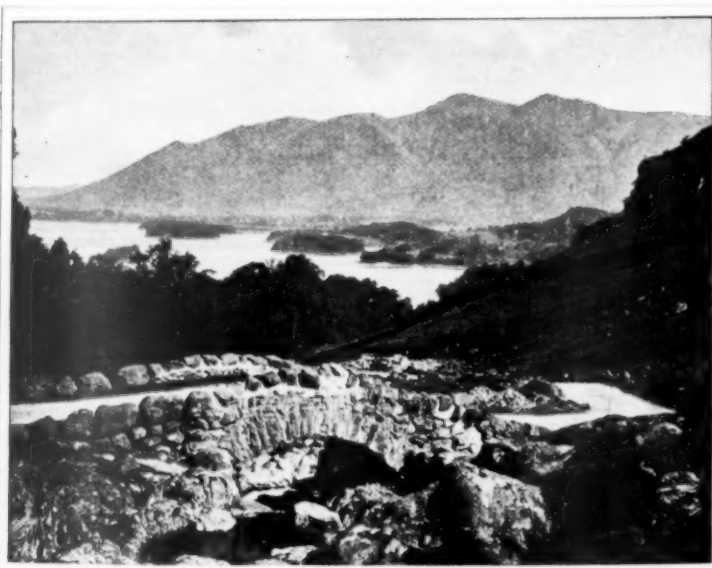


REV. J. E. ELDER CUMMING, D.D.

meeting. I can only account for it by the fact that we were so entirely thrown upon the Lord. It has been a lesson of great value to myself, and my faith has been much strengthened in consequence. I could, if there were leisure to write, tell you of many, many most blessed proofs of God's power and grace unto us. I can feel something of what David says (Psalm xxxv., 28), 'As

for my tongue, it shall be talking of Thy righteousness and Thy praise all the day long.'"

The "Holiness" teaching, begun at Oxford, and continued at Keswick, was not permitted to pass unchallenged. Even to-day it is rejected in many quarters as unscriptural, but at the beginning of the movement it was regarded with much more resentment and suspicion, and not a few voices were lifted up in condemnation of doctrines wrathfully stigmatised as heretical. Prebendary



(Photo: Abbotston, Keswick.)

DERWENTWATER AND SKIDDAW.

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Webb - Peploe, for example, who was one of the speakers at the first Convention, and whose voice is still heard from the platform, tells us that he can remember, with pain, how not only the godless, but the greatest leaders and teachers of **Evangelical Truth** thought it their duty to oppose to the utmost what they considered "very dangerous heresy"—that Christ could keep

His people from every *known* sin, and that according to our faith it would be unto us in this as in regard to our original salvation.

"The fact was," he adds, "that they did not know what was really being taught by sober, earnest, and spiritually-minded men; and they only formed their opinions from certain mistaken reports which were promulgated in the columns of some of the weekly papers. The result was (as we, some of us, remember with pain) that when in the autumn of 1874 meetings were organised in different parts of the country—to further



(Photo: H. Meyer.)

DR. EVAN HOPKINS.

the good work that had been begun at the Oxford Convention—the evangelical leaders of that day felt it their duty to oppose what they believed to be a false doctrine of 'Perfection in man.' The teaching was simply that which is now everywhere received as the complement of that Gospel which tells of a free and full salvation in Christ and which makes our blessed Saviour not

only a perfect atonement for sin, but also a Keeper for those who trust Him up to the measure of their light and knowledge, not only of their own need, but of Jesus Christ as their 'Life.' This, we need hardly say, was never for one moment intended (by those who were rightly instructed, and were the real leaders of the movement) to be a teaching of 'sinless perfection in man.' On the contrary, it was always most carefully guarded by an insistence on the fact that sin remains in us to the last, and that though Christ will by His Holy Spirit's power keep the true believer



(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

FRIARS' CRAG AND COZA PIKE, DERWENTWATER.

(Open Air Meetings in connection with the Convention are held at Friars' Crag.)



(Photo: H. C. (Eds.).)

THE CROWD OUTSIDE ERSKIN STREET TENT.

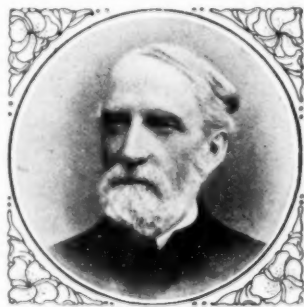
moment by moment from falling into known and unknown sins, yet that very thought, word, and deed of the Christian—to the last moment on earth—is tainted by the fact of indwelling sin or corruption, and that, therefore, the blood of Christ is needed, every moment of our lives, to cleanse us from guilt and keep us acceptable in the sight of the holy God."

These words give an admirable summary of the Keswick position, but it was difficult to make it properly understood, and thus much misconception prevailed. In those early days of the movement, Prebendary Webb-Peploe was invited to set forth "Keswick teaching" before some fifty or sixty evangelical clergy, and he heartily responded, explaining by references from Scripture the blessed keeping power and purposes of the Lord Jesus Christ for His people. The chairman of the meeting rose as soon as the speaker had finished his address, and said: "Heresy! Heresy! Damnable heresy! I hold that it is for the glory of God that we should fall into sin, that He may get honour to Himself by drawing us out of it." Further light, however, was very soon given to the earnest, but misinformed, leaders of that last generation, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe

goes on to say "for the honour of the Lord and the good fame of the brethren," that each of the three great leaders, who most determinedly opposed the movement at first, afterwards invited him, as an exponent of Keswick teaching, to conduct missions, or to take special services in their parishes, and that, in each case, he was permitted to do what they asked, and to have these honoured fathers sitting humbly in their own parish churches, and listening earnestly, while he set forth "the unspeakable riches of Christ."

During the years which have passed since the Convention was founded it has continued to grow in numbers and in influence. The visitors sometimes number as many as 10,000, and they all mingle freely as brethren, never asking, and never regarding it as worth while

asking, whether they are Churchmen or Nonconformists; followers of the one Saviour, they are desirous of obtaining fulness of power for His service, and this being the dominating purpose, all other objects are subordinated to it. It is a Convention "for the Promotion of Practical Holiness," to quote the terms of its original title; it "has set up no new school of theology, it has in-



(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

DR. A. T. PIERSON.

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stituted no new sect, it has not even formed a society, but exists for the sole purpose of helping men to be holy." It proves to the world that "holiness of life is possible in the office as well as in the pulpit, in the castle as well as in the cottage, in the lands where heathen darkness can almost be felt, as in the quiet Christian atmosphere of this land of liberty." In the holiness that is striven after

there is none of that monkish asceticism that lures men into the wilderness away from the haunts of their fellows; this is not a selfish piety that is desired for personal ends, but rather that it may equip for better service and fit its possessor for coming nearer to others in his efforts to win them back to God. In reality the Keswick Convention is a mission to Christians, and it fulfils its purpose when it leads them to examine themselves for the causes of failure in their lives, and brings them into an attitude of entire and utter surrender to the will of God. It teaches that the normal experience of the child of God should be one of victory instead of constant defeat, one of liberty instead of grinding bondage, and one of perfect peace instead of restless worry.

How the Meetings are Conducted

No one who has ever been present at the Convention gatherings can have failed to be impressed with the order and simplicity of the arrangements. There is no cast-iron system, no definite programme which must be carried out to the letter, no stereotyped time-table. It is necessary, of course, in the interests of proper management, to have meetings at certain hours with speakers to address them, but no scheme is



(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

THE LATE MR. ROBERT WILSON.
(Chairman for 28 years.)

laid down which the speaker is obliged to follow; each is allowed perfect liberty, with the result that not only is there an entire absence of confusion and repetition, but that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it invariably happens that the addresses fit into each other with a wonderful harmony, and supplement one another in a manner that sometimes surprises speakers and hearers alike. The

meetings are held in two large tents, thus severing them from associations of a sectarian character, which might naturally belong to buildings, and they begin as early as seven o'clock in the morning with gatherings for prayer. Bible-readings are held after breakfast, and the services are continued, with convenient intervals of course, throughout the day, the Convention lasting for one week. Suggestions are issued to those attending the Convention, and some of these may be worth quoting.

"We have met as Christians to wait upon the Lord for the fulfilment in us of those promises of grace which He has made to us in Jesus Christ. For the better securing this end particular attention is requested to the following suggestions:—

"I. Come waiting on the Lord, desiring and expecting blessing to your own soul individually.

"II. Be ready to learn whatever God may teach you by His Word, however opposed to human prejudices and traditions.

"III. Heartily renounce all known evil and even doubtful things 'not of faith.'

"IV. Lay aside for the time all reading except the Bible.

"V. Avoid conversation which has a tendency to divert your mind from the object of



(Photo: Abraham, Keswick.)

MR. A. A. HEAD.
(Present Chairman.)

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the meetings. Do not dispute with any, but rather pray with those who differ from you.

"VI. Eat moderately, dress simply, retire to rest early."

Suggestions of this character might, under ordinary circumstances, be resented, but at Keswick they are accepted in the spirit in which they are offered, and their observance, there is little doubt, conduces to the simplicity and harmony of the Convention, and brings the mind into a proper attitude for the reception of the messages delivered from the platforms.

From what has already been said, it can easily be gathered that Keswick is true to the Word of God, and in this fact we must look for one of the secrets of its success. Changing standards of faith may threaten the very foundations of denominational stability, and criticism and unbelief may gather round their banners the unsettled and the wavering, but no breath of controversial storm disturbs the calm of those sacred seasons, and whatever battles of faith may

range outside no echo of them is heard at the solemn services where men and women humbly listen to the voice of God as it speaks to them through the lips of His honoured servants. In the holy stillness of the tents, as the truths of the Bible are unfolded, the heart is wonderfully responsive, and the words spoken fall on receptive soil.

There is no discussion, as we understand it at other gatherings of religious bodies. No problems that give rise to debate ever find a place on the programme; no words of controversy divide

into rival camps the listening multitudes, and thus the bitterness of division and the wounds of hasty speech do not close the heart to the influences that are at work, nor disturb the happy relationships of those who have gone to the Convention in the hope of a blessing. The thousands who attend are there to wait upon God, that in the quiet of those sacred hours they may find out His will concerning their own lives, that they may get into the place of victory and be of more use in the great vineyard of the Master.

And to get into this place of victory is oftentimes no easy task, for it lies along the pathway of sacrifice. It

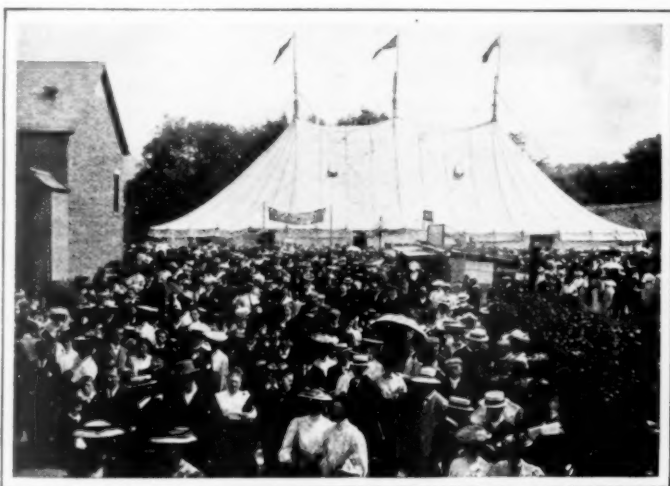


Photo: Abraham, Keswick.

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE TENT AFTER THE MORNING BIBLE-READING.

frequently means the giving up of something that is very dear, something that lies between the believer and the full enjoyment of blessing. Could the hills that look down in their majesty upon Keswick find language to describe what they have seen, they would tell many a story of lonely vigils, of long nights spent in prayer, of strivings and wrestlings and sweatings ere the full surrender was made and the gate to the blessing thrown open. They would tell, too, of heavy burdens rolled away, of darkened hearts suddenly filled with divine sunshine, of

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defeated lives charged with the dynamic of perpetual victory, of joy that took the place of sadness, and of the funeral dirge that changed into the glorious song of triumph. In those mountain solitudes many a believer has, for the first time, come face to face with God, and from that time on the life has been glorified with a new purpose, and the face has been steadfastly fixed in the direction of another goal. In many quarters of the globe to-day men and women are bearing the banner of the Cross because of the revelations and the experiences that came to them at Keswick, and thus the blessing spreads out to distant parts and does its divinely-appointed work.

The influence of Keswick proceeds along other channels. Through the Convention missionaries are supported in the foreign field, deputations are sent out to other lands to conduct missions and conferences, and round the movement there has sprung up a literature which carries the teachings to all ends of the earth. With its own weekly organ, *The Life of Faith*, and its official book-stall at each Convention—in the hands of the well-known Paternoster Row firm of religious publishers, Messrs. Marshall Brothers—Keswick is firmly established, and is a power for righteousness and holiness greater than is generally believed, for the movement never advertises itself, and makes no attempt to bring itself before the public.

All this having been said, it only

remains to be stated that the Keswick Convention is no place for the man or woman who enjoys a religious festival, and returns home after it no better than before; it is a place of crises, a place where the soul is brought face to face with God, a place where the heart, stripped of all its pretences, is laid bare, and no one who has been under the searchlight can ever again be quite the same individual. After the call to surrender, to sacrifice and to service has fallen upon the ear, there is either response or refusal—either the years of obedience and fruitful labour in the great field of the world with the Master Himself, or the living for self in the dry and thirsty wilderness that has in it no cool or satisfying springs of water.

Keswick emphasises the truth that spiritual blessing is bestowed not for selfish gratification, but for the good of others—that the individual must share what he has received, that he must be like his Lord and minister to others, that he must bear his testimony to the saving and the keeping power of Jesus Christ and strive with all his might to lead his fellow-men into the same path of willing and glad obedience. There is no room for the sloth in the service of the Heavenly King.

The Keswick Convention, I have said, is a mission to Christians. As such it has a message for the whole Church of Christ, and with no hesitating or uncertain sound that message is being proclaimed.



(Photo: Henry Irving)

The Double Event

A Story of Love and Politics

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

WHEN, in the autumn of 1909, Quentin Reid accepted Mrs. Brummer's invitation to spend from Friday to Monday at her country house in Wiltshire, it was with the determination to cast all his cares aside, and give himself over, for the time being, to calm, pastoral enjoyment. He was a barrister, a rising man, a keen politician, and, regarding the trend of affairs, it seemed to him inevitable that a General Election must ensue within the course of a few months. When that election came, he had promised to stand as one of the candidates for the important country town of Slowcom-cum-Boredom, where the fight would inevitably be fast and furious, and he would have need of all his strength and courage. For the present, then, it behoved him to lie low, forget the very name of politics, and take all the recreation possible. Therefore it fitted his inclination to a T when, on his arrival at Mount Pleasant, Mrs. Brummer introduced him to a particularly delightful-looking young girl with chestnut hair and dimples, and said airily:

"Take charge of Mr. Reid till five o'clock, Moira! Take him a tour of the gardens or play tennis, or visit the animals. I leave him to you; and at five o'clock bring him back to the terrace, and we'll all have tea."

Miss Moira Neville accepted the situation with a composure which showed that it was not the first time that she had acted the part of hostess.

"I'm the niece," she announced calmly, as Mrs. Brummer disappeared hastily through an open window. "Aunt Margaret has nothing to do, so naturally she is in a perpetual rush, and I'm the understudy. Do you like flowers?"

"Naturally! Of course. Who doesn't?" queried Reid, but the assertion brought no conviction to Miss Neville's mind.

"Do you like looking at flowers in the grilling sun? Do you like pacing along gravel paths that burn into your feet, and being half stifled between high brick walls!"

The prospect was so unpleasant that Reid

gave an involuntary shiver of dismay. He had just left town; the memory of the hot, dusty journey was fresh in his mind; the last thing he wished was to undergo fresh heat and fatigue. His disclaimer was so emphatic that his companion smiled, well pleased.

"Then," she said, nodding her head complacently, "we may rule flowers off. Do you like playing tennis singles with a girl who serves double faults and misses every other ball right through the match? Because if you do, the courts are good, and though I hate and detest the game with all my heart, I'll be most pleased to take you on."

"Not for anything that the world could offer would I allow you to victimise yourself on my behalf!" cried Reid hastily. He had played in the semi-finals at Wimbledon before now, and the prospect so graphically drawn froze his blood with horror.

"Number two! Strike off tennis!" cried Miss Neville, checking off the number on a small white finger, with an air of increasing satisfaction. "Do you see anything amusing in staring through stable-doors at the tails of half-a-dozen horses whom you will see to far better advantage to-morrow, or in being deafened by the yapping of dogs who are perfectly happy without you? If you do, we'll turn to the right and wake the stablemen who are enjoying a quiet afternoon nap."

Quentin Reid looked down at his guide with twinkling, blue eyes.

"It appears to me that Mrs. Brummer is not well-advised in her choice of a show-woman! I started out with the happiest expectations, and all my hopes have turned to gall. The pleasures of the country have died a sudden and violent death. I'd better go back to town."

"Nonsense," quoth Miss Neville briskly. "We'll talk! There's a dear little summer-house with the most comfy seats, and a view for miles around. I am cruel only to be kind, for you look tired to death, and a laze will do you good."

She pointed ahead to where, at the end of

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the path, stood the little, thatched house of which she had spoken; and Reid followed her, and seated himself in a low deck-chair with a sigh of content. The overhanging roof made a welcome shade from the glare of the sun; the air was sweet with the scent of climbing roses; so far as the eye could reach the prospect stretched green and smiling; his eye dwelt upon it with leisurely pleasure, then turned back to the girl by his side. The dappled light played over burnished hair, on a soft pink and white face, and red lips with roguish, uplifted corners. Truly, the girl was in character with the scene, as pretty as a picture, and, to boot, most refreshingly original and amusing.

"Now!" she said contentedly, crossing her little hands on her knee, and fitting her head comfortably into the niche of her chair. "Now let's talk! I live in Hampshire, and I'm the youngest of the family—twenty-three, and all the rest are married and scattered over the world. I'm not at all clever, but I'm intelligent, and if I want to do a thing, I generally *do*! I don't sing or play, or recite in public, and I love Browning, and hate Meredith, and I'm going abroad to Switzerland from October to January for winter sports. I've been here for a week, and I'm leaving on Monday, and to-night there's a big dinner-party and I'm going to wear my best dress. Now you know all about me, and it's your turn. Go on!"

Quentin gave a little gasp of surprise, then he laughed and stroked his chin.

"Really—it's rather embarrassing to be plunged so suddenly into autobiography! What can I say? I'm thirty-two, an only son. I haven't any parlour tricks, but I'm fond of games. I don't serve double faults—not as a rule, and, unlike you, I'm a great admirer of Meredith. I flatter myself that I *am* rather clever—I am told so, at least, and I'm only too ready to believe it, and if I once make up my mind to a thing, it takes a miracle to move me!"

"Ah—obstinate! What a pity," commented Miss Neville calmly. "So many men are. Haven't you any sisters? No? How sad! Sisters are so salutary for a man. My brother used to say that he could never have a will of his own, so long as he was at home. Then he married, and my sister-in-law panders to him, and pretends

he knows best. So demoralising! You'd hardly know him for the same man. In what special, particular kind of way are you so clever?"

"Really!" protested Reid again. "Really, Miss Neville, the tortures of the Inquisition are nothing to this quiet, resting talk. I—I am beginning to think that the flower-garden, or even the dogs, or tennis—"

"Light a cigarette!" said Miss Neville soothingly. "You'll feel happier. Men are never comfortable when they're doing nothing. I really want to know, because then, you see, I can be careful to avoid those subjects, and we'll be more likely to agree. Jack says—that is my brother—that I have a zeal untempered by knowledge, but I do so hate to be contradicted, so we'll find out the things you know least, and talk about them. We are the only young people in the party, and shall have to amuse each other till Monday, so it would be a pity to quarrel. I'm very sweet-tempered as a rule, but opposition rouses me to fury. Now tell me honestly, what subject on earth do you consider you know the least about?"

Quentin pursed his lips in smiling consideration. It was difficult to give his full attention to the question in the presence of that sparkling pink and white face so near his own. He had never met a girl like this before, so gay, so frank, so innocently audacious. Her dancing eyes were as clear and candid as those of a child, the white dress was the acme of dainty simplicity, the little hands which lay on her knee were devoid of rings or bracelets, but her mouth was a woman's mouth—sweet, and firm and tender. Quentin Reid answered the question with some light and jesting words, but in his heart he replied, "What do I understand least? Woman, of course; the eternal miracle! And of woman, Miss Moira Neville, you appear to me to be an unusually perplexing specimen!"

* * * * *

"And when am I to see you again?"

The three days had passed, and Monday had dawned, bringing with it the necessity of farewell. Quentin Reid felt unaccountably depressed as he made his morning toilet, and looked forward to the parting with Miss Moira Neville. As the girl herself had prophesied, the two young people had

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been thrown continually together during the short visit to Mount Pleasant, with the result that a wonderful degree of intimacy had been attained. On Saturday morning the regulation programme of tennis, the flower-garden, the animals, had been duly enacted.

"There's no avoiding it, so we may as well get it over," Moira had said resignedly, but in truth the victim needed no pity. The flower-gardens were a miracle of beauty in the morning sunlight, and the girl in her white dress was a pleasant sight flitting about among the rose trees; the dogs and horses submitted to be stroked and patted with exemplary meekness, and even tennis had a distinct charm when the farce of a game was abandoned, and Reid took on himself the post of coach. His pupil was not apt, neither was she painstaking, but she looked provokingly pretty, and mimicked his instructions so quaintly that he laughed as he had not laughed for many a year.

Then came Sunday, when they walked to church across the fields, and sat in the old square pew side by side, the girl's sweet, thrush-like voice sounding sweetly in the young man's ear as she sang the well-known words. In the afternoon, they sat once more in the arbour and talked. It was extraordinary how much they found to talk about, and how alike were their ideas.

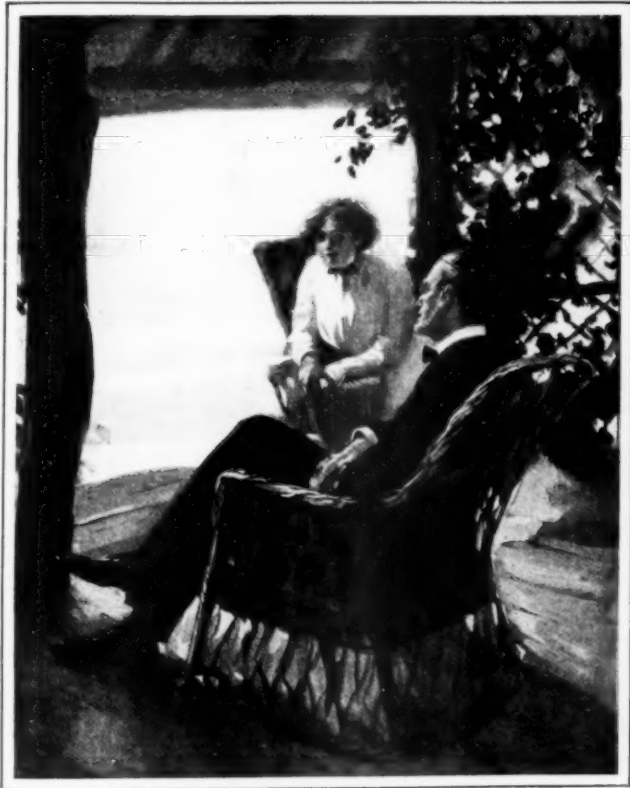
"What I like about you," announced Miss Neville candidly, "what I like about you, is that you agree so well! I do so dislike people who contradict what one says, but you are so sensible. It's really quite lovely, the way we agree!"

She looked at him as she spoke, with her grey eyes wide open, and the dimple in full play in her cheek, and for a minute a mad impulse seized Reid to say that under the circumstances it was a pity to part . . . Could they not agree to continue the agreement indefinitely? Then he pulled himself up, called himself a fool for his pains, and reminded himself that, three days ago, he had been unconscious of this girl's existence. Nevertheless, he had no intention of allowing the parting to be a permanent one, and it was with a genuine air of anxiety that he put his farewell inquiry,

"And when shall I see you again?"

"Never, I expect! We shall be——"

Miss Moira pursed her lips and put on an expression of acute sentimentalism, "we shall be as ships which pass in the night! We shall drift on into the great



"Now!" she said contentedly. "Now let's talk!"

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ocean of life, and be lost in darkness and oblivion——"

"Not a bit of it. I refuse to pass! We have signalled each other, and established connections, and I shall send a tender across with—— Oh, bother metaphor! I can't work it out; but *I'm going* to see you again, and that soon, so don't say 'never' again."

"I'm going to Switzerland. I told you I was."

"For three months; yes! Then you are coming home. How can I meet you after you come home?"

"I don't know. We live so far apart, and I'm so busy. I really don't know," and then, in a quick undertone, she added, "But I'm always here for Easter!"

Reid laughed, and pressed the little hand extended towards him with eager fingers.

"I've not the slightest intention of waiting till Easter!" he said.

* * * * *

Miss Moira Neville went off to Switzerland; and Quentin Reid was left at home with his reflections, which reflections had an astounding result, for they proved to him without doubt that, for the first time in his life, he was really and thoroughly in love. The impression which the girl had made upon him was not diminished by absence; rather did it seem to grow in vividness and intensity as the weeks passed by. There was a little tendril of a curl which had a trick of hanging over her ear, and shining in the sun as if it had been wrought of threads of gold; he thought about that curl with a persistence ridiculous in a staid, legal gentleman; the clear, thrush-like tones of her voice sounded in his ear in the most inopportune moments; he counted off the days on his calendar until she should be once more within reach.

And then, as everybody knows, January came and brought with it the General Election, making it impossible for anyone to think, speak, or dream of any other subject.

Reid was a rising young politician on the side which everybody—except a few million nobodies of the opposite party—knows to hold the only right, the only enlightened, the only patriotic and unselfish point of view. He was satisfied that he had a good fighting chance for the borough selected, but

advice from his friend and agent warned him that his adversary was putting all possible irons in the fire. "Bevan is canvassing fiercely," wrote the agent, "and so are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

Quentin's lip curled with disdain as he read the words. He had a wholesale dislike of female canvassers, and was determined that no woman belonging to him should enter the fray on his behalf. And then, as usual, his thoughts drifted to the one woman *par excellence*, and he smiled tenderly at the idea of his naïve, inconsequent little love distributing leaflets at cottage doors, and arguing with horny-handed men of toil. Moira was a dear, womanly, domestic girl, who was content to leave politics alone, and shine serene in the atmosphere of home. And then, as the astute reader has no doubt divined, who should be one of the first people whom he met in patrolling the streets of his constituency, but Miss Moira Neville herself, with a stack of leaflets under her arm, a notebook in her hand, and a rosette pinned on to her coat, of a colour which was to him at that moment the most obnoxious in all the rainbow.

At the moment, however, even the rosette passed unnoticed in the sudden joy of the meeting. Quentin seized the girl's hand, and blurted out a dozen incoherent greetings.

"You! You here! Back in England! This is great! To meet you here! It seems too good to be true! If you knew how I have longed to see you all these months. But how—why—what brings you here of all places—just at this time——?"

Miss Neville lifted her hand and pointed dramatically to her rosette.

"The Cause! Do you suppose I could pass the time in pleasure and idleness when the fate of My Country is at stake? Mr. Bevan is my brother-in-law, and I am working to send him back to Parliament with a great and glorious majority." Then she drew herself up and frowned at the young man beneath reproachful brows. "And you," she cried deeply, "you are our enemy! When I heard your name I thought it was only a coincidence, but then I saw your portrait, and was obliged to believe. It was the most terrible shock of my life. You, who had seemed so clever, and so reasonable, and so wise! You, whom I have thought of all these months as so

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superior to other men! *You*, to disappoint me like this. It seemed too horrible to be true."

"Then you *did* think of me?" cried the young man eagerly. "You *have* remembered me? And I have thought about you all the time, and lived for the time when you would come back. A dozen times I have been on the point of writing, but I knew it would be better to wait until I could ask—see you myself. And now we meet again, and you are Bevan's sister-in-law. What an extraordinary world! And you are——" his eyes glanced meaningly at the leaflets and note book. "You are canvassing on his behalf! *You!* Don't be angry with me, but I can't help smiling. What do you know about politics?"

"What do I know?" Moira reared her head in disdain. "Didn't I tell you that Mr. Bevan was my *brother-in-law!* He married Kitty, my favourite sister. If he gets in I shall go and stay with them in town. We will have tea on the Terrace——"

"Ah!" commented Quentin gravely. "Just so! Your reasons are excellent. May I ask—I don't wish to pry, but I really *am* interested—may I ask if these are the reasons on which you base your arguments with the British workman, and, if so, how many votes you have already entered in that neat little book?"

But Miss Neville was in no mood to be ridiculed, and she let him know as much with her usual outspoken candour.

"Some people," she said blightingly, "can never be serious. At this moment in our country's life, when——" and then she repeated verbatim, and with admirable fluency, a whole paragraph from an address to the electors, a copy of which appeared on the hoardings behind her back, above the signature of Anderson Bevan. "How anyone in their sane senses can possibly contradict *that* is beyond my comprehension!" she said emphatically at the conclusion. "I said to Kitty only last night, 'He's been led astray—he's been badly advised. If I could only get hold of him, and reason with him calmly and sensibly, I am sure I could turn him round. He was so nice last year.'"

"Try!" cried Reid eagerly. "Try! Walk with me to the corner of the road, and reason with me all the way. I'll listen. I'd love to listen. It's a chance in a thousand—your rival delivered into your hands in the

mildest and most wax-like of moods. Please talk openly—I'm the most broad-minded of men!"

Miss Neville gave him a quick, sideways look, struggled womanfully to suppress the dimple, which showed a disposition to assert itself in her left cheek, and clearing her throat, asked clearly and defiantly:

"What do you think of Home Rule?"

"I don't presume to think. A home is the woman's province. In it she should reign as the supreme sovereign and guardian. My home—when I have one—shall be left absolutely and entirely to be arranged, and directed, and ruled over, by its proper mistress—my wife—when I get her."

"Don't be silly!" said Miss Neville sharply, but in the same breath, she added: "That's what I say. A man has his business to look after, and he ought to be content with that, and not go poking about the house. I wouldn't stand it for a moment, and I'm sure I'm most interested to hear that you are engaged, and I hope you'll be very happy. When is it going to be?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. I haven't dared to ask her yet. I only met her in the autumn, you see; for a few days."

Miss Neville stood still in the middle of the road and, with a little catch in her voice, declared that she couldn't go another step; she had ten more cottages to visit; she must positively say good-bye.

"If you would only visit *me* next time, you might win me over completely. Can't I induce you to try, for the good of the cause? See how well we agree on Home Rule," pleaded Reid speciously. "We positively must meet again. Where are you going to canvass to-morrow?"

"I don't see what that has to do with you. At the other side of this street," said Miss Neville.

* * * * *

During the next fortnight party feeling ran high in Slowcom-cum-Boredom, and relationships between the rival candidates grew increasingly strained. When a meeting of one party was held at night, the morning's issue of the opposing newspaper pointed out in scathing terms that it was preposterous to propose such and such a measure, since all the world knew that, at the election before last, the same speaker had been heard to declare . . . And a morning later, the other

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newspaper, with still more withering politeness, begged to remind his rivals that on May 1st, 1881, at a quarter to one in the morning, the late Mr. Gladstone had distinctly avowed, . . . And the posters on the walls grew ever more tattered and splattered with mud, and the wearied cottagers, badgered to death by persistent canvassers, pronounced their ultimatum with bold and unblushing inconsistency.

"I don't 'old with none of this 'ere Socialism, I don't, and wot I says is, why 'aven't we 'ad this 'ere Tariff Reform afore now, if it's going to do such good? Time too, I says, for there's no work to be found, 'owever a man may search, and, as I tell you, mum, Liberales I've allers been, and Liberales I shall remain."

Or still more firmly :

"Wot right 'as 'e got to be any richer than me? Tell me that! Says if the Budget passes, 'e'll have to knock off five workmen straight off! There's spite for you! There's *spite*! The poor man's 'is prey—that's wot, and 'e's got no mercy! But wen all's said and done, we've allers been Conservative in our family, and I don't 'old with chopping and changing. Wot was good enough for my father is good enough for me. If I votes at all, I votes with the Conservatives!"

Almost every day, by chance or design, Quentin Reid managed to spend a few minutes in Moira Neville's company, when he listened with interest, if not with profit, to her artless attempts to convert him to the principles of her brother's party. However political the conversation might appear, however, it invariably drifted into a personal note before the end of the interview, and Quentin comforted himself that one cause at least was going in his favour.

Alas! he had forgotten to take into account the adverse influence of those last days when party feeling was fanned into a veritable white heat of passion.

Miss Neville glowed like the rest, and displayed a growing captiousness and irritability. When she encountered Reid's motor in the street she stared hard in the other direction; when they were walking, and met face to face, she tossed her head, and arched her eye-brows with every appearance of disdain. Her ribbon rosette had grown until it had attained the size of a small cabbage; her hat and

gown were composed of the same hated shade.

"I don't think it is *seemly* that I should be seen talking to you in the street," she announced cuttingly one morning when they met at the corner of the High Street, and Quentin immediately turned to walk by her side. "We are public characters, and our actions are observed. Your people are so unprincipled; they don't mind *what* they say to gain a vote. It would not be very agreeable for me if they spread a report that we were in collusion!"

Quentin looked down into the flushed, excited face, and smiled; a very tender little smile.

"Well!" he said unexpectedly. "And what if they did? Would it be so far off the truth? *Aren't* we in collusion, Moira? At the very bottom of your heart isn't there something stronger than politics? Tell me that there is, and give me courage for the next few days. I'm tired to death, and worried, and anxious; but you could comfort if you would! Whether the constituency accepts me or not, if I can hope that *you*—"

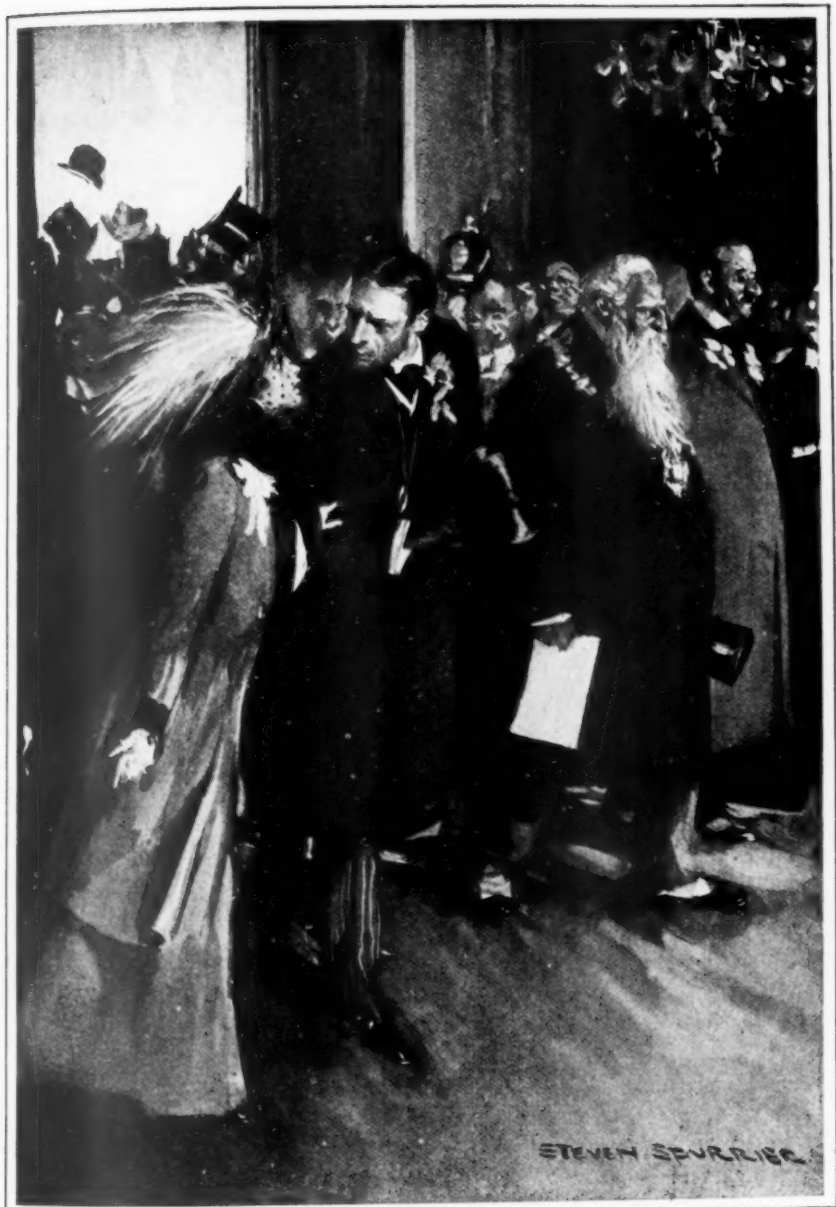
But he had chosen the wrong place, and the wrong moment. Miss Moira knew perfectly well what he wanted to say; what he had been trying to say every day for the last fortnight; for in truth the subject of discussion between them had been limited to politics of a strictly domestic nature; but, as Quentin had divined on the occasion of their first meeting, she was the most feminine of women, and being perfectly sure of her position was inclined to put off the *dénouement* as long as possible. Moreover, and this was an important point, she had no fancy for being proposed to at a street corner.

"I am sorry that I have no comfort to offer you. It would be cruel to buoy you up with hopes of success which—er—er—in every case—are foredoomed to disappointment!" she said icily, and sailed on with her chin in the air.

Quentin Reid stood looking after her with an air of the deepest depression. The last reports from his canvassers had been the reverse of encouraging, and Moira's coldness came as a veritable last straw.

"Bowled out," he said to himself. "Beaten—for the double event!"

* * * * *



"I will! I will! I promise I will. I hate them all; the nasty, shouting things!"—p. 812.

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Three days later the rival candidates and their friends kept vigil in the Town Hall, while in an inner room an army of clerks busily counted the voting papers, and in the market-square below a mob of people cheered, and boomed, and sang and groaned, and stamped their feet, and rubbed their hands, and gazed with eager faces towards the windows opening on the balcony.

Anderson Bevan was accompanied by his wife, his sister-in-law, and a party of friends ; Quentin Reid was alone, except for a few devoted workers. At eleven o'clock the tension of feeling was at its height, as the busy clerks counted and counted, and the all-important result hung in the balance, but gradually, momentarily, the situation changed. Supporters of Mr. Bevan coming out of the inner room wore a smile upon their features ; supporters of Quentin Reid, a strained and sickly calm.

The last boxes were being counted, and the numbers were mounting steadily on one side. Mr. Bevan's face began to take on a more healthy hue ; he spoke to his wife, and she laughed and arranged her hat before a glass ; he spoke to his sister-in-law, and she retired into a corner and appeared to be engrossed in examining the pictures on the wall. Quentin Reid cleared his throat a good many times, and decided that a fellow must feel like this when he was going to have an operation.

No one had left the room, yet in the mysterious fashion in which these things happen, the crowd outside seemed to have got wind of the way in which things were going, for the cries for Bevan became louder and louder, while those for Reid died away in melancholy diminuendo. Well, Quentin told himself, he knew the worst now ; the worst was over ; but when the Mayor pronounced his defeat in actual words, he found that the worst stab of pain had been still to

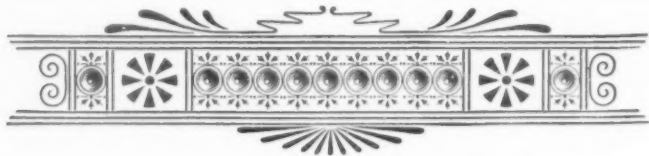
come, for hope is hard to kill, and lingers on while there remains one possible glimmer of chance. He felt suddenly cold and faint, and the voices around him retreated to a distance, but he pulled himself together with an impulse of angry pride. He had to face the ordeal of the balcony, and, for the sake of those who had worked so gallantly in his support, he must bear himself with dignity and composure. Afterwards !—He told himself bitterly, that afterwards he could abandon himself to a lifetime of despair.

The Mayor led the way towards the balcony, Anderson Bevan walking proudly on his right, while Reid followed with a set face, looking neither to right nor left. He knew that he must pass the corner of the room where Moira stood, but as the last thing which he wished to see was her joy in his defeat, he cast not a glance in her direction.

All the people in the room were crowding after him towards the window ; the air was full of the murmur of voices. Suddenly he became conscious of a sharp little tug at his coat-tails, a pressure on his own, and he looked down into Moira's face, all white and trembling, with two big tears rolling down the cheeks. She was close beside him ; her voice whispered in his ear, in quick, eager tones.

"*I will ! I will ! I promise I will. I hate them all ; the nasty, shouting things ! Don't look so sad—I—I'll accept you instead.*"

Which was the reason why the next day's newspapers, in describing the scene at the announcement of the poll, remarked that it was delightful to behold a young man take his defeat with so courageous and gallant an air, as had done young Mr. Quentin Reid.



A Church for Slum Children

A Talk with the Rev. Henry T. Meakin, of Bermondsey

By ARTHUR PAGE GRUBB

"'AS 'e got an 'ole in the top of 'is 'ead, guv'nor?" was a question put to the writer one Saturday afternoon, as he sat in the Central Hall, Bermondsey, in the midst of a motley crew of over 2,000 slum children. The inquirer was gazing with rapt attention at the feats of a conjurer on the platform, a conjurer who, by the way, unites remarkable skill in sleight of hand with the superintendency of a large suburban Sunday School. The occasion was one of the regular weekly entertainments for the poor children of Bermondsey. Mr. Meakin's Saturday Afternoon Happy Hour for the Children is said to be the largest children's meeting in the world, and is made up of the very poorest. Its average attendance weekly has been 2,300. For hours before the doors are opened for the meeting, the children gather outside the hall, and are formed by sympathetic policemen into a queue which reaches far down a side street.

Care for the children, indeed, has been the note of the Rev. Henry T. Meakin's ministry, and at the present time, when the strain of his fifteen years' strenuous labour in the slums of South London

has imposed upon him a period of seclusion from toil, he is using his enforced leisure in piecing together a scheme for the practical solution of one of the chief problems of slumdom.

A remarkable man is this same Henry T. Meakin. Tall, broad-shouldered, genial, with a merry twinkling eye and an utterly unparsonic garb, he gives you the idea of a prosperous City merchant rather than a slum missionary. There is nothing about him of the ascetic, other-worldly air with which we associate this kind of work. The cast of his features indicates remarkable organising power. He might well be the controller of one of those huge industrial concerns which

are the characteristic of modern commercial life. In fact, Mr. Meakin spent the first forty years of his life in association with the Midland Railway Company. Like Dr. Clifford, he was born in a Derbyshire village, and in the Chellaston churchyard at this day you may find the graves of many Henry Meakins, the forbears of this Methodist missionary. He began his working life in the offices of the Midland Railway Company, and with the zest of a lad



(Photo: R. H. M. J. W.)

REV. HENRY T. MEAKIN.

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for everything to do with trains, in a very short time after entering the service he had learned the names of the chief railway officials in the kingdom, and of every station and station-master on the Midland system. He mastered Pitman's system of shorthand during the long four-mile walk which he had to and fro between his village home and the railway office. In fact, it was this acquirement that gave him his early chance. In the small hours of the night he was sent to deliver a telegram to the chief of one of the offices, who was in bed. When young Meakin knocked at the door, the official thrust out his head through the window and angrily expostulated at the disturbance. When he found that an immediate reply was wanted, the prospect of having to start writing at that time of night made him still more wrathful. The youth in the street, however, volunteered to take down the answer. "Do you know shorthand?" was the question. "Yes, sir," said Henry Meakin, and the official proceeded to dictate a lengthy reply, and retired once more to his couch. A few days later an official high in the company's service wanted an additional member for his staff, and the official who had been aroused from his sleep recommended Mr. Meakin as the very man for the place. Mr. Meakin rapidly rose in the company's service, and might have reached that ideal post of every railway worker, the general managership of the system, but for one thing. That thing was the call of the slum, and in 1889 he abandoned all his brilliant prospects in the railway service to become a Methodist missionary in the dreariest, poorest part of London.

But it is not with the man himself or his general work in Bermondsey that I want to deal in this article. It is with his remarkable scheme for a revolutionary movement in the Church's effort to evangelise the city slum. "The key to the social problem of the slums is primarily with the children." That is Mr. Meakin's definite conclusion after fifteen years in Bermondsey.

"Generally speaking, adults in the slums are impervious to Gospel appeals," said Mr. Meakin, when I asked him for details of his proposal. "They are not

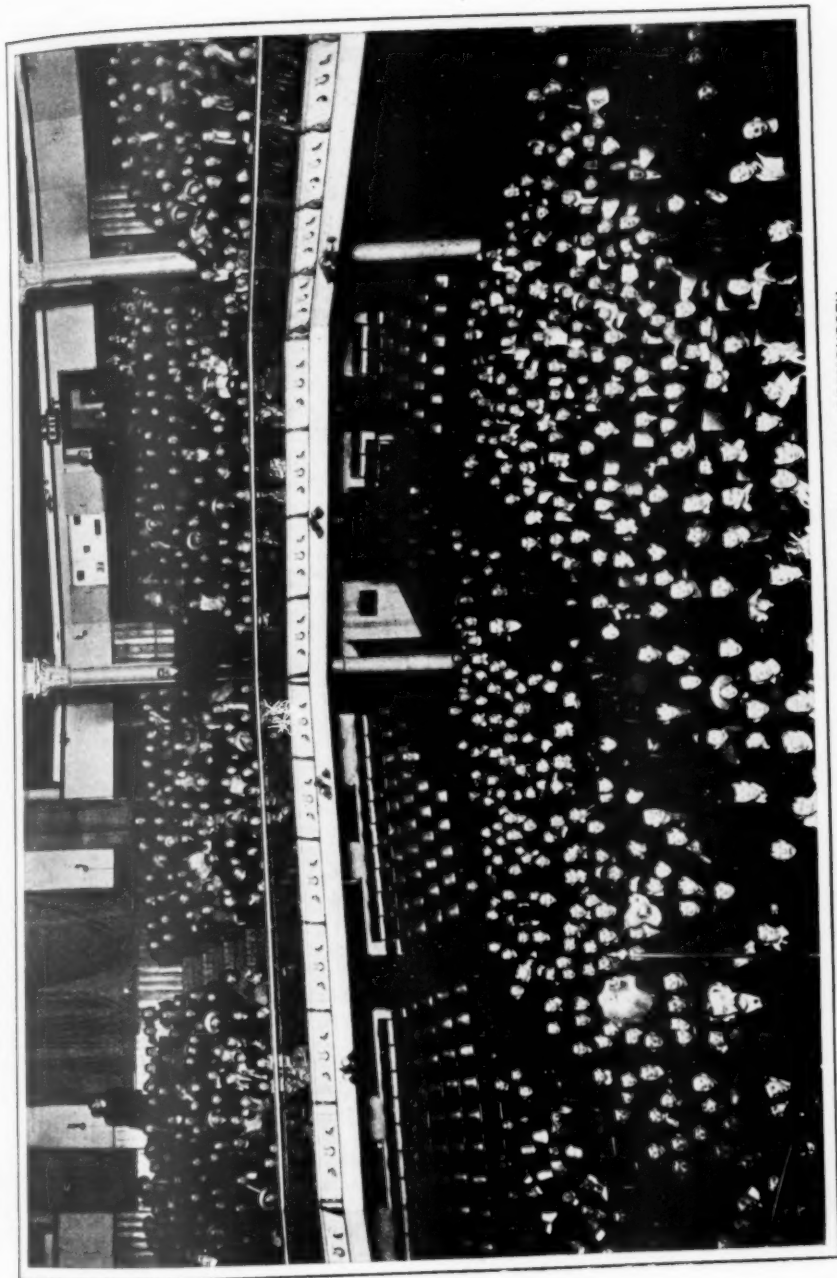
hostile to the Gospel, they are less hostile than their predecessors. This is one of the worst features of the situation. Open-air preachers may speak in the most forcible manner, Salvation Army lassies may jingle their tambourines or the men seek to arouse attention with their biggest drums, but they are met with practical indifference. Why? There is no religious perception in the people. It is blinded by generations of irreligion. The Churches of to-day are the fruits of the Sunday School work of yesterday. The preachers, officers, and principal Church supporters, are almost without exception old Sunday School scholars. You may go even further: it is exceptional to find a solitary convert in an evangelistic mission who has not been influenced in childhood by the Church."

The Sunday School and Slums

"But, surely, Mr. Meakin, the people of the slum have at some time or other passed through the Sunday School?"

"That is a great mistake: the ordinary Sunday School does not directly reach the neglected children of the slums. Children without Sunday clothes are not usually found in the Sabbath School. Are they found, even, in so-called Ragged Schools in large numbers? I don't think so. Not one of the boys of the street where I recently made special investigations attended any Sunday School, and I know them to be typical of thousands of other poor children. The school idea on Sunday is in itself repellent to the youngsters of the present day. The week-day school, to which the slum child has to be forced, accounts for the antipathy. Besides, the slum child is a distinct class, made so by his irreligious upbringing and poverty. Recognising this, many Churches have instituted Sunday night services for poor children, with happy results. In my own mission at Bermondsey we had every Sunday night such services, with an attendance of more than a thousand poor children.

"These Sunday night services," continued Mr. Meakin, "contain the germ of the idea of what is wanted for the neglected children of the slums. We want in populous and poor centres institutional Churches solely for the children,



A SPECIAL CHILDREN'S SERVICE IN THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL, BERMONDSEY.

(Photo: Federal Agency)

THE QUIVER

in which they shall be inoculated with simple religious truth and at the same time have daily opportunities for physical recreation, mental development, amusements, and all that pertains to healthy child life and which is now practically out of reach; and all this under the wings of a great Church organisation."

A Church for Children

"What should be the features of these institutional children's Churches?"

"My idea is," answered Mr. Meakin, "that the building should have a central hall suitably adapted for week-day pictorial and instructive entertainments, and for pictorial children's Sunday services, with removable auditorium seats to make space for brigade drill and other disciplinary and physical exercises. Smaller rooms should be provided for week-night clubs, where the bigger boys and girls could have table games, and refreshments could be provided. Above all, we must get rid of the idea of the school, for the slum children are often frightened away by the rigid discipline of the Sunday School. The Church should guide the fun and frolic of child life rather than quench it. We want a Church at play for the poor children, and a home for the boys and girls who are now driven to the perils of the street. For this reason, the premises should be surrounded by an open space large enough for a playground. Such an institution as I am now describing would necessarily be permeated with a spirit of the simple Gospel, without sectarianism, and far removed from dogmatic pressure. Sunday must be made a happy day; religion and brightness are possible combinations, even for children. Truth can be conveyed through the eye by lantern and living pictures, and in song."

"But," I objected, "to carry out your plan would involve an enormous outlay on new buildings and sites."

"I think I can see my way clear to evading that difficulty," said Mr. Meakin. "There are Churches and Chapels in hundreds of places with evening attendances of less than one hundred adults. Some of them are historic, and the burial places of departed citizens and saints whose monuments adorn the walls.

They were once centres of the religious activities of well-to-do neighbouring residents. Now the activities are all outside, and while the few inside mind their own souls the multitude of miserable sinners are crowding the public-houses or living in wretchedness in their homes. The children are swarming in the street, unkempt and uncared for, subject to all the temptations of devilry and slumdom. Generally speaking, the attraction to worship of the slum adult is not a proved fact anywhere, and without being the least offensive, is it not a practical suggestion that some of the nearly empty places of worship should be wholly emptied on a Sunday evening and used entirely for the neglected children of the slums? I believe Christ would have it so, and never since the foundations of some of these historic buildings were laid, has a better work been done in them than could be done in this way among the children, starving in body and soul at their doors.

"The best men in the Church, with an aptitude for winning the affection of the children, should be appointed to work these mission centres. By the best men I don't mean the most heavenly minded, but I don't exclude the spiritually minded. The more Christlike the men the more they will keep to the front those spiritual results without which all else would be vain. But such men will none the less enter into the fun and frolic and amusements which, happily, cannot be separated from child life, and will give an exhibition of that Christianity which ought to be as attractive to children and young people as Christ made Himself attractive to the children of His day.

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Meakin, as I left him, "the Church that will lay herself out for some such flank movement for the benefit of the children of the slums, will do more in a few years than all the orthodox, commonplace, spasmodic frontal attacks will accomplish in a century. The cost of men and money will be great, but it will be insignificant compared with the splendid results which will accrue to the Churches themselves and to the poor slum children of this great city, whose lot is a disgrace to the twentieth century of the Christian era."

Love's Barrier

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER XVIII

THE THUNDERBOLT

"ANOTHER letter from Audrey!" said Secretan teasingly. "She is a most faithful correspondent."

"I shall read it presently, when I have attended to the children. Margot, you must eat that porridge," said Helen with a quiet compelling glance at a small, very red and rebellious face, framed by dark curls, sitting at her left side.

"Shan't," said Margot decidedly. "Nasty stuff."

"You know you like it quite well, but you have risen from your bed cross," said Helen quietly. "If you don't wish any breakfast you can go out of doors. You are not to go to the kitchen, remember, and disturb Betty at her breakfast."

"I want some bacon and eggs, can't I have bacon and eggs, Uncle Claude?"

Claude would have melted, but Helen was firm.

"After you have eaten some porridge."

"Mamma never made us eat porridge, she thought it was horrid stuff, and said it would spoil my complexion."

"I didn't know you had a complexion, Popsy," said Helen serenely. "Come darling, just this little saucerful. Auntie Helen means it, you know, and then if you wish it you can have one rasher of bacon and a whole poached egg."

"Eat it, Pops," said Geoffrey commandingly. "You know you like it quite well. It's just pure cussedness."

Secretan himself rose and came round to the wilful child's side, and taking up the spoon offered to feed her, making a few joking remarks to her at the same time. She became instantly obedient and swallowed what he offered without further protest. Helen smiled a little, even while she pretended not to notice. She loved to see Claude with the children, who were wax in his hands. However tiresome the mood he could melt it, and bring them to reason and sunny good will. Helen was not so

successful. She was not naturally fond of children, and while she was most kind to them, did not always make sufficient allowance for their childish ways. They had now been three weeks at Midcar, and were in the seventh heaven of delight. They spent their entire days upon the moor, often picnicking there from dawn till dusk, in charge of the faithful Betty, who, restored to the company of her beloved Miss Helen and her scarcely less adored Jimmy Bates, was almost tearfully happy. Hannah, fully awake to a sense of the responsibility resting on her as the acknowledged head of the Rectory kitchen, had developed all sorts of undreamed of qualities. Peace restored, Helen poured out tea, and then opened Audrey's letter.

"Wonderful news, Claude, the child is engaged! Mrs. Hayes has engineered it at last!"

"No! Who is the happy man?"

"She does not mention his name," said Helen, turning the page to glance over it.

"That's so like Audrey, she is very inconsequent. She calls him simply Gerald. You must read the letter. It is a sort of girlish rhapsody. I wish I felt a little more assured about it. This is the seventh week of their stay, and the first letters did not contain any mention of this man, the acquaintance is very new."

"Mr. Hayes is there. Be very sure he would make every inquiry about the man. He will not give Audrey to any Tom, Dick, or Harry."

"I hope he wouldn't, but it is the woman! She is so overpowering, and so inconceivably stupid about some things. I believe she would marry Audrey to any kind of fool so long as he had the necessary worldly qualifications."

"Audrey herself would not marry a fool, dear. She has too large a share of her father's common sense. Well, kiddies, would you like to go? May they go, Helen?"

Helen nodded, still deep in her letter. "She's a dear child," she said soberly, as

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she passed it over. "And I can't say I feel very happy in my mind about it all. Yes, you may read it, it is not private, you will see she expects you will read it."

Secretan spread out the thin sheet before him and read the first outpouring of a girl's heart over a real lover.

"Hotel Krenzenbad,

"Marienbad, August 28th.

"DEAREST MRS. SECRETAN,—

"It was a great pleasure to receive your kind letter, and I am ashamed that

beginning, and the only person who is really cross now is Tremlett, Mamma's maid, but even she is recovering. The weather is so lovely here, and every day there is so much that is interesting that can happen and that does happen. About the middle of the first week heaps of nice and interesting people began to arrive, and we soon got to know some of them, though Mamma is very particular. Quite soon after we came she got to know such a nice English lady, and in about ten days' time her nephew came to join her,



"'Shan't,' said Margot decidedly. 'Nasty stuff'—p. 817.

I have been so long in replying to it, but the days seem to glide by here so quickly, and I am so happy that I seem to have lost count of time.

"At first you know, dearest, I didn't like this place. It seemed full of nothing but very fat and cross-looking people, who had come for the waters, and who all glared at one another as if they grudged the place to anybody but themselves. If Papa had not been here to laugh at them with me, I'm sure I shouldn't have been able to stay.

"The place suited Mamma from the

not for the cure, of course, because he is quite young, but because he wished to be near his aunt, who has been like his mother, and who brought him up. He is a soldier, and has just come home from India, being in India with his regiment. He is frightfully handsome, even handsomer than Mr. Secretan, which is saying a great deal, isn't it? His name is Gerald, and he admires my name so much. He is always telling me that. He was very kind to me from the first day of his coming, and of course as there are so few really young people here I was most grateful. We went

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out a good deal together, and Papa didn't mind. He likes him. Everybody does. And, well dearest Mrs. Secretan, perhaps you have guessed the great secret I have to tell you, that I am engaged to Gerald. I haven't got over the surprise of it yet, because I'm only a little country girl, and he is so clever, and his aunt assures me he could marry almost anybody. And I am sure, by the way the women look at him here, that it is quite true. He is not very well off, poor dear, but one day I suppose he will inherit everything from his aunt. Mamma says she is very rich. We are coming home soon. To-morrow we leave Marienbad, and go into the Bavarian Tyrol for about ten days so that Mamma may get a little mountain air. Mamma sends her love, and I am to tell you we expect to be home on the tenth of September, and will you keep yourself disengaged for the fourteenth, when she will ask some people to dinner. Gerald will be with us by then. He is going to London when we all leave Marienbad, and will come on to High Ridges after us. I don't quite realise this wonderful thing that has happened yet. Can you imagine a distinguished soldier like Gerald caring anything for a poor little country girl like me, though it is because of that he says he likes me. I am very happy, though sometimes a little afraid. I want to get home soon to see you, and have your advice and sympathy. Mamma is very much pleased, because she has got rid of poor John Ridd at last. She was firmly convinced that I intended to marry John, aided and abetted by Papa. Of course I liked John, but I did not want very much to marry anybody. I am getting used to the idea now, however, and I think so is Papa. He is walking up and down the terrace now with Gerald. I do so like to see them together. Gerald wants us to be married very soon, but there is plenty of time I tell him, and he does not know where his regiment will be sent next. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Secretan, I have written such a long, long letter, I don't believe you will have the patience to read it. But try, because it is all about your little Audrey. How is everybody—Ann Coyne and Lydia, and dear Miss Jane, and the little boys, and have you got the dear children you told me

about at the Rectory yet? Mind you keep them till I come. Give the Rector my love, and tell him he must get ready for the very greatest wedding that was ever seen in Midcar Church. You should just hear Mamma talk.

"Ever your affectionate,

"AUDREY HAYES."

Secretan laid down the letter, and glancing across the table was surprised by the unusual gravity of his wife's face. He was learning to read its every expression in these days, since the new comradeship of affection was established between them.

"Claude, I don't know how it is, but I don't feel happy about that letter," she said with a little strain in her voice. "It is not quite natural. I have the feeling that Audrey is being sacrificed after all to her mother's ambition."

"Nonsense, dear! I'm sure she writes happily enough, just like a girl proud of her first lover. And as I said, we may safely leave the matter with Mr. Hayes. He will take good care that the man is worthy."

"She doesn't even mention his name; the fourteenth, why that is the week after next, isn't it? They will be here quite soon."

"As he is a soldier you may know something of him or his family," suggested Secretan. "I dare say Audrey has already told him all about you."

"Think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers there are in the world. The chances are quite against my knowing anything about him," said Helen, but her tone was unconvincing, even to herself. "Well, shall we go on the fourteenth?"

"Why, of course, you will be anxious, doubtless, to see the future son-in-law."

"I don't mind. I have all I want within these walls," she answered with a sudden touch of passion. Suddenly she stood up and looked across the table with a great yearning in her eyes.

"Claude, you are sure you don't regret? It will soon be a year since that day we met first in the gardens of the Luxembourg. Do you regret all that has happened since then?"

"No, I thank God for it every day I live, but most of all for you."

She lifted her face to his, received his kiss, and was comforted, but from that moment her anxiety did not sleep. She knew that

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some crisis was at hand, and that out of the new event which had stirred the placid routine of the Hayes' family life some issue was to arise affecting herself. She did not seek to put her fear into words, or to crystallise her anxiety, rather she put it from her as something she could not bear to face.

"You are worrying yourself about something, Helen," said Jane, who popped in one day, bringing her boys to tea. "These children are getting on your nerves. Let them come back with me to the Court. Tom won't mind, and they can run wild like young colts for a week. The harvest is in full swing, and there are heaps to interest them."

"Thank you very much, dear, but it isn't the children. I really don't mind them, and Claude is so good with them, you wouldn't believe it."

"They look different children since they have been here. Pity they have to go back to that low-lying Essex place."

"Colchester is very healthy," said Helen listlessly. "But certainly they might be better looked after than they are. I'm afraid we are in for a visit from Mrs. Revell in a week or two. I'm daily expecting a line from Carlsbad, where she is taking the waters, and Claude will insist that she must come. I believe he expects that some sort of revolution would be worked in her nature if she came here. He is a most ridiculous person."

"Well, he might be quite right, Helen. Happiness is infectious, and of course he is ridiculously happy. I couldn't help telling him last Sunday that he looks more like a boy than ever."

"I want to keep him like that. I didn't want these Colchester children. I don't want their mother. I don't want anything to come in from the past here," cried Helen passionately. "Claude does not understand that now more than ever I want to be quite done with it."

Jane looked a little puzzled, not exactly comprehending the point of view.

"There! I'm selfish as usual, talking for ever and ever about myself. How are you getting along, dear? Aren't you tired of the Court Farm yet?"

Jane was silent a moment, leaning back in the low veranda chair, her face wearing a strange look.

"Helen, I hate to say it. It is silly, and

it hardly seems decent, but I want to ask you something. I'm afraid Tom is beginning to regard me as something not quite like a housekeeper. It's silly at my age to be thinking or hinting at such a thing, but I'm afraid it's quite true, and that he will want to marry me."

Helen laughed a little hardly.

"Any donkey, as I said to Claude, would have foreseen that contingency. What could you expect when you went there, the only woman about the place, and so delightful as you are? Don't redden so furiously. Does that mean that you are going to accept him?"

Jane sat up very straight in her chair.

"No, it doesn't mean that. I couldn't marry Tom Courtney, Helen, if it was to save my life or his."

"I'm so glad to hear you speak so decidedly, because honestly, I've felt a little afraid. There are no lengths to which a woman, like you will not go in pursuit of a mistaken idea of duty."

Jane laughed a little ruefully.

"When it comes to marrying a man oneself, Helen, it makes a little difference. It is a pity, I think, that this sort of thing should intrude everywhere; why, it interferes with one's proper work. I haven't patience with it."

"Has Courtney taken to stopping in the house, then, to talk to you?" inquired Helen a little amusedly.

"He would do it if he got the smallest encouragement," replied Jane, truthfully enough. "I shall be very sorry if he says anything which would make it difficult or impossible for me to stop on, because I'm really quite happy there, and I love the children dearly. Ann Coyne's niece is a great success as a daily governess, and I think Tom might do worse than ask her to become resident. I've suggested it to him. It would make it more comfortable for me, just at present at least, if there were a third party."

"Yes, it would. I should insist on it, if I were you. A woman like you could easily get your own way in a small matter like that."

"Helen, don't tell Claude about this. It would make me feel so silly, and I should not like to lose his respect."

"Lose his respect, you foolish woman, why you would gain more of it. Men are like that, I assure you. It would be

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excellent for Claude if you had a great many suitors."

"I shall never have that," replied Jane quite literally and soberly. "And of course it is only because Tom is grateful to me, and because he feels lonely, and I have tried to take an interest in him, especially about the drink. He hasn't really touched a drop for over two months."

"That's quite a triumph."

"And it has made such a difference to him as a man. I often think of poor Emmy, and how happy she might have been if he had pulled himself up in her lifetime. He very rarely has those bursts of temper now, upon my word if you saw him in one you would compare him to nothing but a hysterical child. The last time it happened it was at one of the maids, over quite a trifle, and I spoke up sharply, and said I could not go on managing his house if he were to upset everything like that."

"Oh, you have been excellent for Tom Courtney all round! I can see that, Jane. But please, please don't end in marrying him. Claude and I should both hate it. I shall come over and abduct you whenever I think there is the remotest chance of your relenting."

"I shan't relent on that head, Helen, so you needn't make abduction arrangements. I'm glad to say all the legal part of the farm business has been settled up quite amicably, and the new lease signed. Sir Anthony offered him to buy the land, on very advantageous terms, but I'm afraid so much drink has killed any ambitions in that direction Tom might ever have cherished. Sir Anthony comes about the Court a great deal, he is always riding over on some pretext or other, and he takes the greatest possible interest in Tom. I'm sure he has helped more than anybody to keep him straight."

Helen's eyes danced a little.

"So Sir Anthony comes to the Court often, does he? Does he always see Tom?"

"Oh, not always, but he comes in and sits a little, talking so pleasantly to me. One quite forgets who he is. I think it such a blessing for Mardocks and the district that he bought the place. If you had known it in the Graysons' time you would say the same thing."

"I expect Sir Anthony is missing the Duchess."

"I think he is, but he does not think

she will come back for another Yorkshire winter. It tried her a good deal. He will go out to Algiers to spend Christmas with her."

"So!"

Helen sat silent, her face very inscrutable, regarding her sister-in-law with a mixture of admiration, humour and affection.

"Jane, do you know you are refreshing, nearly as refreshing as a cool drink on a sultry day, you are so different from every other woman that has ever lived, or that ever will live. Well, Mrs. Hayes has got Audrey engaged at last."

They were quite half an hour discussing the fresh piece of news which would soon make so much talk in the parish, and Jane returned to her homely duties at the Court Farm helped and cheered as she always felt by a talk with her brother's wife, and quite unconscious of all the undercurrents which were running swiftly towards the whirlpool.

The cloud did not lift from Helen's heart during the intervening days, and she dressed herself for the dinner party at High Ridges on the appointed evening with a very distinct sense of apprehension. She made a careful toilet, dressing herself with her usual taste. Her gown was black, simply fashioned of some soft transparency over a shimmer of satin. It had a square opening at the throat, with a little chemisette of white which did not shame the colour of her neck. A great bunch of warm red damask roses, the last on the tree on the south wall, gave the necessary touch of colour, and were arranged with the clever touch which characterised all Helen's dealings with flowers. She was always an artist there, never committing the mistake of massing or overcrowding, but able to give just the right effect to every bloom. When she came down the stairs with her white gloves in her hand and her cloak of flame-coloured velvet falling back a little from her shoulders, Secretan, waiting for her, came forward with a little gesture of pride.

"My dress is quite right, isn't it, Claude? I don't want to be overdressed, but I haven't much choice. I will take away the flowers if you think it is too pronounced."

His answer was to fold her in his arms without a moment's thought given to the flowers. There were moments when her beauty, even while it enchained him, made

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him a little afraid. For now that happiness had opened the petals of her heart, Helen was a peerless creature, and the new humility which is ever the accompaniment of a genuine love, had given the finishing touch to a most charming personality.

"I can't think, my darling, how you ever stooped to me," he cried passionately. "You were made for something better than this poor little moorland home."

She answered him with her hand on his lips.

"Treason, treason! This is my kingdom. Let me possess it to my heart's content. I want no other."

He had never known her more responsive to his love. As they were carried over the moorland road by the swift horses from High Ridges she nestled close to his side, and told him in words which had never been so clear and unrestrained that her heart was wholly his. And when the carriage stopped in the darkness at the door of the great house she turned to him once more.

"Kiss me again, Claude, and tell me that nothing will ever come between us."

When she had received his assurance she was ready to face the ordeal which her heart now more than ever assured her was in front of her.

She was in no way surprised when they entered the spacious drawing-room, and she saw at the far end of the room, standing by Audrey's white figure, a man she knew well, her old lover, Gerald Hunt.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ORDEAL

THE heavy rustle of Mrs. Hayes' silk skirts broke the tense silence. She rose from her chair with a conscious pride, to receive her guests, and make the important introduction. She had time, however, to notice the distinction of Mrs. Secretan's dress, the consummate grace with which it was worn. She also noticed that she was extremely pale.

"So glad you were able to come. Permit me to introduce Major Hunt, our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Secretan, Gerald, of whom we have talked so much."

Helen met Hunt's eyes clearly, and gave a slight bow. He fully understood that she desired to ignore their past acquaintance,

and while it secretly piqued him, he could do no other than fall into line with her mute suggestion.

He murmured something about the pleasure it was to meet her. Secretan, less cold, offered a frank hand, and when Helen saw it she drew a step back. Audrey went to her side, and drew her down on the couch, ready to speak from an overflowing heart.

"Gerald and I were so sorry to find you out when we called yesterday. I have been simply dying to see you, darling, and thought to-night would never come. Don't you think I am a lucky girl?"

Helen did not at once reply. She felt the room reeling round her, and wondered how she would get through the ordeal of the meal in front of her. The last straw would be if she had to go down on Hunt's arm, but she comforted herself with the assurance that it would not be possible, she being the only lady guest. The men had already grouped themselves about the log fire, which burned so cheerfully in the wide low grate; fortunately Hunt's back was turned to her.

"What do you think of him? Isn't he handsome, Mrs. Secretan?" asked Audrey, with all a girl's pride in her first real lover.

"Yes," admitted Helen, but her voice sounded far-away and unreal even in her own ears. "He is certainly very handsome."

"And isn't it wonderful that such a brave, clever soldier should stoop to a girl like me, a little country girl, who knows so little, and has never seen anything?"

"That is your particular charm, dear, you are so natural and so fresh, an unblown bud on the tree," said Helen mechanically, though she tried her utmost to speak naturally. Audrey looked a little perplexed, missing the usual warm sympathy, the quick comment, the look of live and loving interest in the eyes of the woman she had learned to look up to and to love, with all that girlish enthusiasm which finds its outlet in the making of heroes and heroines, until some of the grey realities of life somewhat dim the happy quest.

"Dear, I don't think you are very well. You are so frightfully pale, and your hands are cold," she said anxiously. "But I have never seen you look so sweet. There is something about you which allures people. Can't you see the Rector's eyes always

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turning this way, and if Gerald were not very stupid, he would turn round, too."

"He would have eyes for no one but you, Audrey," said Helen, forced to say the obvious, but putting no life into her words. "Yes, Mr. Hayes."

She was glad when their host, who was a warm friend of the Secretans, and of whom Helen was specially fond, came to her side to offer his arm.

"Dinner is served, I think. We are all very glad to be back again on the moors. Foreign places have their charms, I don't doubt, but after all England is always home."

Helen rose and laid her hand on his arm. Her fingers touched it a little convulsively as she passed close by Hunt and felt his eyes upon her.

The expression on his face, however, was inscrutable, it was only his eyes which were filled with a sombre fire. He followed with Audrey, laughing and chattering by his side, and so came to the dining-room, where they assembled at a round table, which afforded Helen no screen. She was seated so that Gerald Hunt could obtain a full view of her face, and note its every



"Mrs. Hayes did not lose her head, and she was genuinely concerned at the indisposition of her guest"—p. 821.

expression. Helen was a clever woman, who on more than one occasion in the past had been compelled to play a part, but never one like this. She had decided on a moment's impulse which came from she knew not whither, that she would meet Hunt as a stranger. She could not have given any reason for such a course, except that she required some time in which to gather and regulate her thoughts and face the full significance of what had happened, and what was going to happen.

Hunt had accepted her cue, and after the first moment of awkwardness passed off, he settled down to enjoy himself. The finding of Helen here in this unexpected house gave an odd piquancy to

the situation. He was sufficiently man of the world to be able to extract its full flavour. And he admired Helen exceedingly. She had acquired dignity, repose, and a new and altogether indescribable charm for which he could not account. He had always admired her, had indeed cared as much for her as it was possible for a heart so wholly selfish to care for another, and now that

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she was altogether out of his reach, the old spell seemed to spring upon him again. He had difficulty in keeping his eyes from her face. A delicate flush began to creep through the whiteness of her skin, as the meal progressed. Her host was all attention, and pleasantly chatted on their foreign tour.

"We must drink to the young couple, you know," he said with an air of fatherly pride, as he raised his glass. "It is a very special night."

Helen raised her glass also, and just touched it with her lips. Secretan's hearty response to the toast made up for her coldness, and the incident passed without any outward sign.

The dinner was not very long. Mrs. Hayes had profited by her few entries into good society to observe its customs, and had grasped the fact that the acme of the caterer's art is to produce the perfect in little. Hunt was indeed amazed at the super-excellence of everything, at the quiet richness of the table appointments, and the solid British comfort of his future father-in-law's abode. As the dinner proceeded he became a little more daring, and decided that he would punish Helen for her cut direct.

"Colchester, Audrey tells me you lived there before your marriage, Mrs. Secretan," he said with a studied politeness. "You and I must have mutual acquaintances I feel sure, even if we did not meet during my all too brief sojourn there. Did you know the Langton Gores at Gore Farm?"

"My father knew them well, we did not exchange visits after his death," replied Helen, forcing herself to speak with a cold naturalness which amazed herself.

"And the Willoughbys at Dedham. I think you must have known them. Constance Willoughby, you remember, who married Jimmy Graves."

The Willoughbys had been Helen's most intimate friends, and it was at their house they had first met.

"Yes, I knew them, too."

"Isn't it delightful to find you had so many mutual acquaintances," said Audrey artlessly as she leaned her round perfectly moulded elbows on the table, and nodded delightedly across at Helen. Dessert was on the table, but nobody seemed in a hurry to rise. Helen feeling herself desperate, looked with a gesture of quite genuine

appeal at Mrs. Hayes. That good lady saw that Mrs. Secretan looked not quite like herself, and considerably rose.

"Are you feeling the room a little hot, dear Mrs. Secretan?" she said anxiously, always very affectionate to the Rector's wife since she had discovered her intimacy with the Duchess. Helen would have been indeed surprised had she known how often her name and that of the Duchess of Eastlake had been coupled on Mrs. Hayes' lips at Marienbad during the past six weeks.

"I do feel it a little hot. Yes, I shall be glad to go upstairs."

She swept from her chair, and carrying herself with a regal grace followed her hostess from the room, Audrey bringing up the rear with her arm thrown affectionately about her waist the moment the door closed.

"I'm so glad you made Mamma get up," she whispered. "I'm simply dying to hear what you think of Gerald. Isn't he clever, and when I heard him and Mr. Secretan discussing the frontier question in India, I felt how little I knew. I hope you liked him, Mrs. Secretan."

Helen did not immediately reply. Something was tightening about her heart. They got to the drawing-room, and Audrey placed Mrs. Secretan in a very comfortable corner of a big Chesterfield couch, and got a stool for her feet. When she came back something about Helen caused her to give a shrill cry.

"Mummy, there's something the matter with Mrs. Secretan, come quick!"

Helen had fainted.

Mrs. Hayes did not lose her head in an emergency, and she was genuinely concerned at the apparent indisposition of her guest. Her motherly heart warmed to her, and she bent over her with a quite real tenderness while she dispatched Audrey for Tremlett and restoratives. A little stimulant quickly revived her, and Helen sat up looking much ashamed of herself.

"Dear Mrs. Hayes, I can never forgive myself. I have not been feeling very well all day, in fact I have been lying down the best part of it. I ought to have sent an apology, and allowed Claude to come himself. I hope you will forgive me."

"Forgive you, my dear, what is there to forgive? There, Tremlett, take that cushion from Mrs. Secretan's feet. You can go now and make a good cup of tea, and we will



"Go and talk to your dear father. This will put me quite all right"—p. 827.

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come to the boudoir for it. It will be better for Mrs. Secretan now than the coffee."

The footman entered with the coffee tray at the moment, and Audrey busied herself with the cups. When the man had retired again, Mrs. Hayes went on, nodding her head at the same time as if she fully grasped the situation, and knew how to deal with it. Bending over Mrs. Secretan she patted her shoulder kindly.

"It often came over me like that before Audrey was born," she whispered. "It need not alarm you in the least, I am sure."

Helen's colour came back with a rush, and she tried to get to her feet.

"I am really quite all right, and there is no need to trouble about getting tea. I assure you I am quite all right." Audrey, a little puzzled, and much concerned, hovered about anxiously. Helen gave a little hysterical laugh. "It was ridiculous to go off like that, but don't look so troubled. I assure you it won't happen again."

She refused to move from her corner or to accept Mrs. Hayes' suggestion that she should go and lie down in her boudoir, and when Audrey went out to tell Tremlett to bring the tea to the drawing-room Helen looked at Mrs. Hayes.

"Please don't say anything about this to my husband, Mrs. Hayes. He would exaggerate it. He will not notice anything, and I assure you it has not done me the least harm."

Mrs. Hayes shook her head.

"You have to be very—very careful," she began, and Helen laughed again a little hardly.

"It is not as you think. There is nothing. It is only the heat, and because I felt stupidly tired before I came."

"You didn't look tired, I assure you. I never saw you so brilliant, and how you talked at the table! I haven't got any of that sort of talk. My gifts have always lain in other directions."

Mrs. Hayes uttered these words in a tone of slightly virtuous complaint as if to imply that the more solid characteristics did not always meet with their full appreciation.

"Did I talk too much? I suppose I did not notice it."

"Oh! nobody thought so; I'm sure the gentlemen didn't. Did you not see how interested Major Hunt was? How do you like him, Mrs. Secretan? Tell me as long

as we are alone. Don't you think he is a very distinguished looking man?"

"Very," replied Helen, thankful that she could answer the latter query with perfect truth.

"And his aunt, Lady Angela, has quite the air of the *grande dame*. But her and me" (sometimes yet even when she was a little carried away Mrs. Hayes made sad grammatical lapses), "her and me got very intimate. How fond she is of that boy! She could not love him any better if he were her own son. Of course they are not very rich, but as I said to Mr. Hayes, riches aren't everything. And we shall be able to give Audrey a very handsome income, even while her father is alive. I wonder how Audrey will like the roving life. It's the only thing I don't like about the affair. If only he could have got a nice place, the family place is in Worcestershire, near Hagley, I am told, and I'm sure Mr. Hayes wouldn't quarrel about the price if it could be bought back, and they could settle on it, but Major Hunt won't leave the Army just yet. He's keen on active service, and they're expecting to get some, it seems, sooner or later in India. Of course Audrey doesn't know that. She would worry herself into her grave about it, poor child. It is not very easy to be a soldier's wife."

"Are they going to be married soon?" Helen forced herself to ask.

"Gerald wants it to be before Christmas," whispered Mrs. Hayes proudly and mysteriously. "But Geoffrey hasn't given his consent yet. I suppose he will have to; ah! here is Audrey."

The door opened and Audrey came in, followed by Tremlett with the tea-tray.

Helen drank hers feverishly and felt stimulated by it. Her eyes had their brightness restored to them, indeed they seemed to shine unnaturally.

"You won't mind if we go rather soon," she said when the sound of voices was wafted up the wide staircase indicating that the gentlemen were leaving the dining-room. Mrs. Hayes nodded.

"Just wait till they have been here a few moments, and I will order the carriage." The door opened, and Mr. Hayes came in alone.

"Gerald and Mr. Secretan have gone back to smoke another cigar," he said genially. "They got on uncommonly well together, so well, indeed, that I thought I'd just slip

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up where my company might be a little more appreciated."

He smiled and nodded to Helen and finally took a seat on the end of the couch beside her. Helen's colour, now quite hectic in her cheek, receded.

Why had they gone back? It was most unusual. Had Gerald Hunt any sinister meaning by it? Would he speak to Claude about the past, drop poison into his honest, unsuspecting mind? The idea was intolerable. She scarcely knew what was passing around her, she listened mechanically to her host's remarks, to the interludes made by the other two, but was not really conscious of their actual portent. Her whole heart and being were downstairs at that table where her husband and her old lover were *côte à côte*. Presently, Mr. Hayes begged for a little music.

"It will bring them up quicker than anything; Major Hunt sings well, and when he hears your fine touch on the piano, Mrs. Secretan, he won't be able to resist coming up."

Helen rose, thankful to get away from the kindly small talk, the need to listen, and to answer. She could be alone there in the dim corner where the tall palms almost hid the instrument from view, and she knew that its touch would soothe her as nothing else could. She rose and glided across the room, pulling her lace scarf about her shoulders, with a gesture of infinite grace. Audrey came forward, and asked whether she should turn up the electric light, arranged so cunningly to send the soft glow down upon the keys.

"No, thank you, dear, I'm only going to play a little from memory. Go and talk to your dear father. This will put me quite all right."

Audrey obeyed instantly, and Helen began to play. In spite of the contemptuous way she had summed up her accomplishments to Secretan, she played really well, with a little appealing individual touch which always compelled people to listen. It soothed them all. Mrs. Hayes began to nod in the depths of her capacious easy chair. She had eaten a very good dinner, and the slight excitement over Mrs. Secretan had left her a trifle tired. Audrey and her father continued to talk in whispers, she leaning against him, her head on his shoulder. So the two from the dining-room found the room when they entered it. Helen felt them come, rather than saw them, but hardening her face she played on, without so much as one false note. She knew that Hunt would come to her side, and she wished it. She had something to say. In a moment of time her mind was made up. The purity, the childlikeness of Audrey Hayes, the knowledge of the sheltered life she had led, of her total unfitness for the life to which a man of Hunt's type would introduce her, filled her for a moment with a vast dismay. She had suffered so much herself, she would save another woman, especially the child she loved, and whose sweet affection had added so much to her happiness in Midcar Rectory—she would save her from a life that could only end in misery for her. Hunt strolled up the room, and came behind the great palms which shut them off practically from the end where the others were grouped. Helen played on, and when Hunt stopped by her side, she lifted her eyes quite clearly and unfalteringly to his face. She waited as the most casual acquaintance might have done for him to speak.

[END OF CHAPTER NINETEEN]



The Lines on the Face

By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

SOME people of the superficial order have great objection to lines on the face. Wrinkles represent age, and we are living in a time when youth is worshipped. The painter and the fictionist hold up to our admiration the wondrous beauty of the girl of seventeen; she has full red lips and sparkling eyes, golden hair, and a smooth forehead. We are taught to admire youth, and, of course, the advantages of youth are almost too apparent to be insisted on. Youth is the time of vision and opportunity. Youth has the radiance of the Spring, and all its rich promise.

So when the first grey hair is detected, and the first line on the face reveals itself, we utter a sigh, and try to hide it. What pains will not some people take to conceal their age! What coaxings of nature will there not be to make fifty look like thirty, to disguise the evidences of the handiwork of time!

We have said that we are living in a time when youth is worshipped. But truth to tell, the artificial sort of all ages were always attracted by the gay glitter of life; to them two things were to be dreaded like the plague — themselves, and old age. Solitude — and wrinkles — reveal truth too bare to be decent.

These lines on the face that the society beauty is at such pains to eradicate are Nature's records of life, and as such are prized by the brave and true.

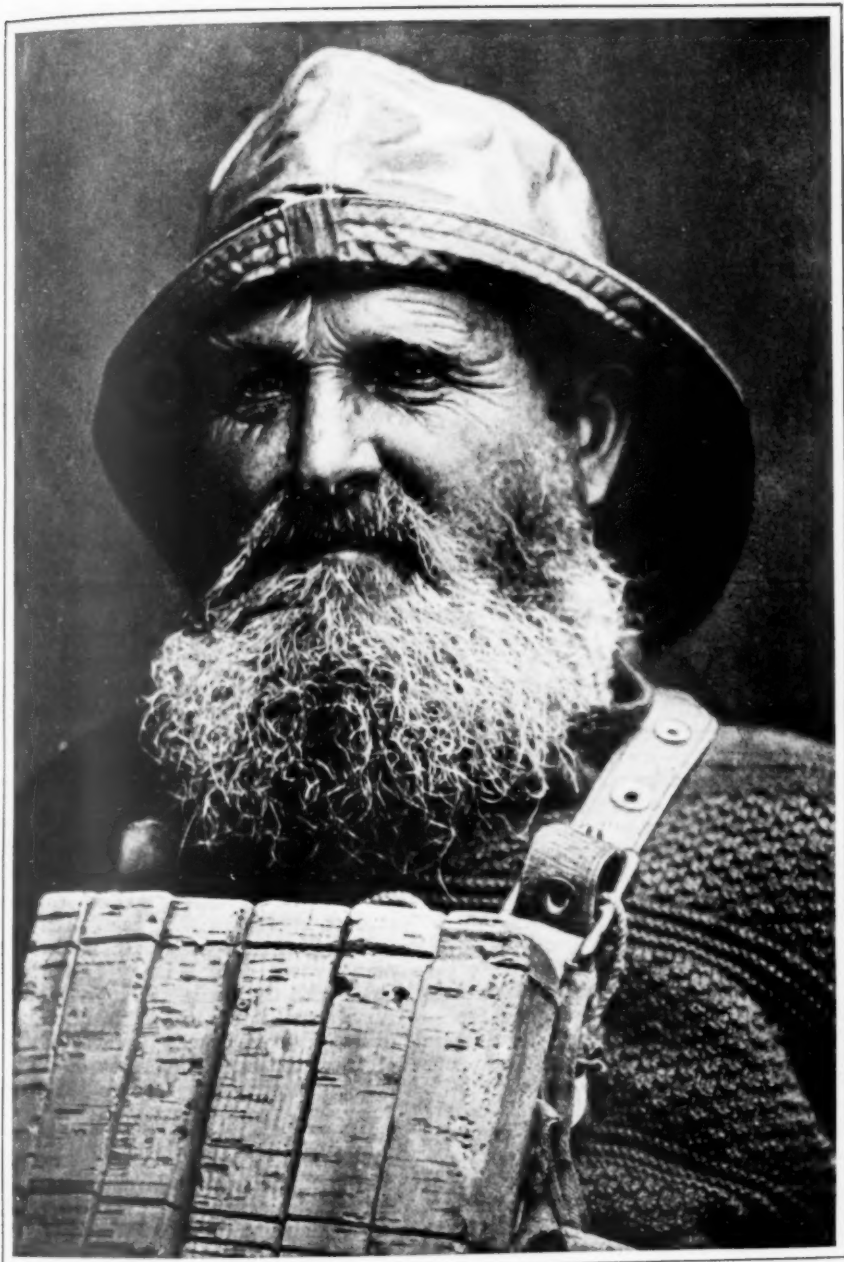
Nature is terribly impartial, terribly just, and she is quite automatic in her decrees. She writes at all times all things in the book of life. What the life has been must, sooner or later, be revealed. The face is the index of the life, and the little marks and lines traced with such slowness are the indelible records of the soul within. The man or the woman who has nothing to hide need fear no shame in the wrinkles of the face. Does the warrior hide the scars that disfigure his features? By no means; he glories in them; they are the sign to all the world of the victories he has accomplished. The warrior is proud of his scars. So, too, the man or woman who has

borne the heat and burden of the day, the warrior who has come victorious through many a hard fight, who has endured the weariness of the flesh, the long waiting that has meant achievement — shall he disdain those lines that are but the record of a struggle nobly won?

We are told that a young man desired to have the portrait of his old mother. He took to an artist the photograph of her who had now passed away to her glory. After due time he came to survey the result. There was the picture, all her features correct, her hair, her eyes, her face. But the portrait was not that of his mother. It was an idealised, youthful, smooth-checked woman. "That is not my mother," he exclaimed

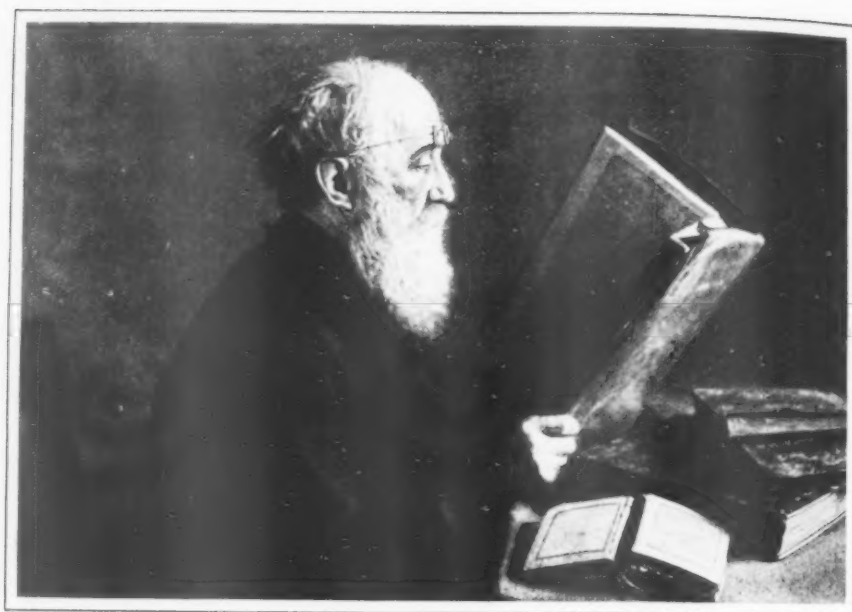


WORK, WORRY AND WAITING.
Study by Adolf von Menzel.



(Photo: F. M. Sutcliffe)

THE LINES OF THE SEA.



(Photo: A. H. Blake)

THE STUDENT.

indignantly. "You have left out the lines on the face!" The lines on the face, they represented the character, the personality. The mere features were such as Nature gave—every man's heritage. But those lines represented years of toil and plodding. Perhaps they stood for pain, for the bitter pain of bereavement nobly borne. They spelt patience, endurance, and achievement. They were the record of a noble life, and as such to be highly prized.

Lines—and Character

Do you not see that we are born into this world without lines on the face—and without a character? The mere features are the gift of God and our ancestors, and likewise are the qualities and talents of mind and heart. We only get wrinkles with maturity—and character with time.

Our novelists make the mistake of putting into the lips of youths and maidens of twenty, words which could only come from maturity. Sentiments are credited to a young girl which reveal a knowledge of life—a *feeling* of life's factors—which

could not possibly be possessed by one who has just emerged from school, and has only had time to do her hair up! There are certain things that can only come from experience—you feel that in listening to a sermon. Here is a man speaking with earnestness and sincerity on the discipline of disappointments. What he says is true—glibly true. But he has never known loss or suffering. His sermon is well-meant, but somehow it does not touch the heart. Ten years—twenty years—pass. He is the same man grown older. Many things have come with the years. Pain and suffering have sometimes racked his frame. His heart has been bowed down to the very dust by the awful loneliness of bereavement. Possibly some of his ideals have been shattered, and perhaps he has been assailed with doubts and perplexities. And now he speaks with a fulness, with a richness that comes of experience. He does not prepare so long and so feverishly as in the days of his youth. His whole life has been a preparation for the sermon, and when he speaks every heart thrills with his message.

THE LINES ON THE FACE

The Victor with his Scars

The lines on the face! I positively envy that bowed, bent, withered old man with his thin, white hair, his gaunt cheeks, his wrinkled face. He has come through the fiery trials of youth, and was unspoiled by its temptations; he has passed through the insidious wiles of middle life, and has kept his garments unspotted from the world. He has known life, and has faced death. There is a world of meaning in his chin—firm, strong even yet, with determination and courage. Every line on his brow speaks—of vicissitudes, of pain, of subdued longing; yes, but more than this, of straight, honourable living, of high thinking, of moral rectitude, of the mastery of mind over matter. Yes, I envy that man in the majesty of honourable old age.

The "old woman," too, she whom we in this restless age pity or ignore. Many a man, himself with hair beginning to grey, thinks with unspeakable pride and tenderness of a "little old woman" whom he calls "my mother." She has not the prettiness of feature that once was hers, but her face shines with the beauty of holiness.

What does all this mean? It means that maturity counts for more than beauty, that purity is greater than innocence. It means, in a word, that character is supreme. The ideal old man is scarred, but a conqueror; he has lost beauty, but achieved a character.

If that be so, if the greatest end in life is the building of character, if beauty and possessions count for nothing beside this, then surely everything that contributes to a finished character is a tool from the armoury of God. Accept this, and at once we are given a glimpse into the mystery of life. "Wherefore all these tears and sighs, the agony of body and of mind, the little burdens patiently endured, the sorrows of the soul?" Surely all

these are instruments in the making of character, and now and then we find one great enough to acknowledge the truth. A Christian man recently was called upon to bear a sharp discipline of pain. For days and weeks he lay in hospital in indescribable agony, often coming very near to the gates of death. As he lay in his bed slowly recovering from his sickness, this is what he said to a friend, "Believe me, I would not have missed this experience for worlds. I was never so near to God as during the past few weeks. I count it a great privilege that He allowed me to go through this experience. I have been happy through it all." Many a man who has passed through a sharp trial, not of the body, but of the soul, can endorse the words of one writer: "I can



AN OLD READER.

THE QUIVER

truly testify that these times have been best for the making of character."

Surely this is the right attitude—the only logical attitude to take with regard to pain, disappointment and discipline. We admire the glorious face of the victorious warrior; the laws of Nature say that for all you obtain you must pay the price. You secretly envy the deep note of sympathy, that intensity of expression in the voice of your friend, that makes him a friend that *feels*: the price he paid was suffering and sorrow; you wonder why that woman can, almost without a word, comfort the mourner, and bring hope where despair reigned: the price she paid for that was the loss of her only child; you admire the noble head of one of God's heroes: he paid the price for every line on his face: for the nobility of soul which shines from his countenance, he has had to "work out his salvation in fear and trembling."

Is it worth the price? We on this side in faith and trust answer humbly, yes: eternity, however, will give its assent in terms of triumphant knowledge—yes, abundantly worth the price.

The Indelible Marks of Guilt

We have given one side of the picture: and on the other is a terrible reverse. The lines on the face are not all of one kind. Cain of old complained that the indelible sign of his guilt was written on his forehead for all mankind to behold;

Hawthorne, in "The Scarlet Letter," depicts the guilty woman branded with the red letter of shame sewn on her dress. These things are but parables of the terrible brand written by the slow hand of Nature on the sinner. "Be sure your sin will find you out," it will be, is being, written on your face.

I have referred to old age, because we are best able to illustrate by the extremes. But there is no need to wait for old age

to read the writing on the walls of the soul. There is a woman I constantly see in one of London's busy thoroughfares. Beyond the fact that she is a match-seller I know nothing about her. But her face simply shines with character. I am sure she is a good woman. She is not pretty, but every line on her face speaks of gentleness, of patience, of purity. Just as surely as you can read that woman's face, so you can see faces in the crowd marked with passion, or selfishness, or cunning or greed. Peevishness

soon marks itself on the face, weakness has a habit of betraying itself about the chin and the lips; lack of concentration, aimlessness of life, sulkiness, and other fearful and more deadly sins: these can be read on the face as surely as the writing on the wall of the king's palace of old. And the markings do not wait till old age. The lines on the face are showing themselves even now, "here a little, there a little, line upon line." Reader, look in the glass!



THE LINES OF STATESMANSHIP: W. E. GLADSTONE.
(After the portrait by W. Biscamle Gardner.)



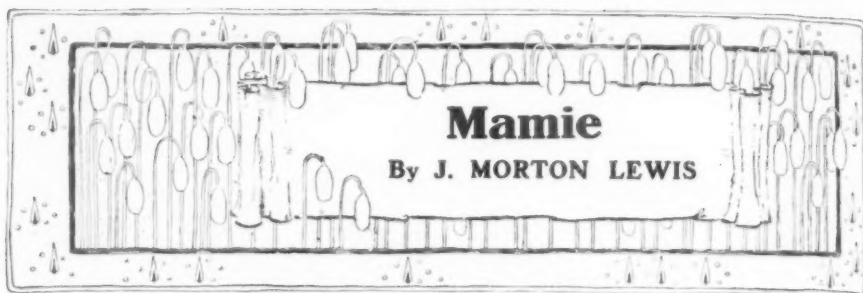
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(Photo: Gen. F. G. Lambert.)

"THE TRIVIAL ROUND, THE COMMON TASK."



Mamie

By J. MORTON LEWIS

WE met in Kensington Gardens. I was sitting down there one morning reading. She was a diminutive little lady, clad in a soft muslin dress.

She paused in front of me for a moment, then tapped my knee.

"My ball is over there," she said, with the slightest of lisps, pointing to a group of laurels, behind a low wire fence. "Will you please get it for me?"

I was somewhat startled at her unexpected request, and hesitated.

"Will you please get it for me?" she repeated, more authoritatively.

I hastened to comply, and, bending over the wire, drew her plaything towards me with the point of my stick. In the midst of the operation she clutched the sleeve of my coat. "Be careful," she said nervously; "there's a keeper watching you."

When I had regained the ball and was replacing my hat, which had got somewhat disarranged during the task, she stood watching me.

"Oh!" she said, with a merry laugh; "you've got quite red."

With that remark she commenced playing a little distance from me, and for a few moments I covertly watched her under the pretence of reading. There was something wonderfully fascinating to a bachelor in her girlish, sylph-like figure, in her clusters of golden hair, and her bright blue eyes. Besides, to me, they bore a dim resemblance to someone I had known years before.

Suddenly she stopped and came towards me.

"I forgot to thank you. Thank you very much." She tugged at the strings of her bonnet. They were pale blue to match her eyes. "Would you like to play with me?" she asked. There was something so

ingratiating in her manner that made it impossible to refuse.

"I should like to very much," I replied, "but I am afraid you will find me an awful duffer."

"I don't mind—very much. You stand there"—she pointed with a tiny finger to the seat—"and I'll stand here. Catch!"

I am not so very old. Forty summers have not yet quite passed. My life has been a strenuous one; but I found the unwonted exertion somewhat fatiguing. My face grew uncomfortably warm, the collar round my neck sticky. My hat had long been discarded—on her advice—and people passing must have smiled to see me bareheaded, and out of breath, energetically striving to catch a large, many-coloured ball thrown astray—wilfully, I believe—by a young miss who only laughed at my vain efforts.

"You are stupid," she said on one occasion, with great candour.

More than once I had to rescue it on hands and knees from beneath the seat, and at least a dozen times it hid itself amongst the laurels, necessitating my climbing the railings to recover it, to the accompaniment of shrill treble laughter.

At last she wearied of the game, and we sat down on the seat together, side by side.

"Oh!" she said, looking at me critically when we were seated. "You do make yourself in a mess playing."

At first the conversation was somewhat laboured, there being a natural reticence on both sides; but little by little we broke the ice. Her name I discovered was Margaret, and she was called Mamie for short.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No, I came out with nurse; but she is talking to Robert round the corner."

MAMIE

"And who is Robert?" I queried.

"He is a soldier—such a nice, tall boy. He is going to marry Alice one day. He gives me sweets sometimes." Oh! the sagacity of Robert.

"I shall marry a soldier when I grow up," she affirmed, shaking her head until her curls became disarranged.

"Are you engaged?" she asked, a minute later.

"No," I replied. Perhaps there was a sudden gravity in my voice.

"Poor boy," she said sympathetically. Then she brightened up. "I am." From her pocket she drew a silver ring. "I don't always wear it," she explained, "because mother doesn't know yet."

"I understand," I responded, with all the gravity that the occasion demanded. "And what is the gentleman's name?"

"Jack," she answered. "That was my father's name." A sudden wistfulness came over her. "I never saw my daddie. He died when I was ever so young, but mother shows me his portrait sometimes."

I expressed my sympathy. I am afraid very clumsily; and it was with no small relief that in the middle of it I heard her nurse's voice calling.

She rose and extended her hand. "I must go now. Good-bye; will you be here to-morrow?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then I'll meet you at this seat. It is so dull having no one to talk to."

She walked away a few steps, and then came back. "You can call me Mamie if you like," she volunteered graciously.

The next day I met her and for many days. Too deeply interested in the company of Robert, her nurse apparently did not care, oblivious of the risk her charge might have run.

As we got to know one another better, our topics of conversation became wider, and I found myself looking forward to our daily chat. Each noon found us sitting on the same seat; she munching chocolates, I smoking. Sometimes, for variation, we would go for a short walk around the paths hand-in-hand.

It was a source of intense joy to her to discover I had been a soldier, and when other subjects failed, I told her stories of my life in India. At the conclusion of one narrative, describing a very narrow escape

I had once had from a tiger, she looked up into my face.

"I wish I was older," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because then I'd give up Jack and marry you."

We were watching some water-fowl at the time, and the tenor of her remark somewhat confounded me.

"I do feel sorry for you," she continued.

"It must be lonely to be all by yourself, with no one to bring you your breakfast in the morning, and to read to you when you are ill."

"Would you do all that?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes; and we would go to the Zoo together, and to the theatres, and the—*the Crystal Palace*." I afterwards discovered that the Crystal Palace was the *ne plus ultra* of her enjoyment.

"What I have missed by being born too soon!" I said, with a sigh.

"Poor boy," she replied.

For a moment—an unusually long period for her—she was silent; then she brightened up.

"I am going to the Zoo with mother to-morrow. I'll pretend you're there as well, shall I?"

"Do," I answered; "it will make the time pass more quickly in your absence."

The next day the seat seemed strangely vacant, the book I was reading of no interest, and my cigarettes unusually insipid.

On the following morning she appeared with a youth, little bigger than herself, clad in a sailor suit; and I noticed she was wearing the silver ring on the third finger of her left hand. Somehow that morning the conversation fell very flat. There was a lack of spontaneity. I do not know if Jack and I possessed a mutual jealousy, but we did not get on with one another as we should have done.

They sat, one on each side of me, and I talked to them of many things. In fact, I racked my brain to find a subject that would break down the reserve.

I occasionally do a little journalism when the fit seizes me, and on my knee lay a sheet of notes.

Mamie regarded it closely.

"What is that?" she asked.

I explained.

"Do you write? Then you can tell stories. You must tell me one."

THE QUIVER

"I am always telling you stories," I replied.

"Yes; but I mean stories of people like you and me and Jack."

I am afraid she is fickle in her choice of subjects. Barely a week had elapsed since she had demanded tales concerning Indian princesses and tigers and soldiers.

"Not now," I said. "Some day I will."

For a week I was absent from London. When I returned Mamie was at the accustomed seat, waiting for me.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

I told her.

"And now you must tell me a story," she said, arranging her short skirts with the air of a grand-dame.

I hesitated. It is not an easy request with which to comply at a moment's notice, unless one is specially gifted that way.

"Go on," said Mamie. "I'm waiting."

"Once upon a time," I said, "not many years ago, there was a young fellow who lived in one of the big squares in London. He was not very rich. His father and mother were dead, and he lived with some relations. Next door to him was a girl; she lived with her father and mother."

"Was she pretty?" asked Mamie.

"Very," I replied.

"What was she like?"

"She had blue eyes and golden hair, like you."

Mamie nodded. "Go on," she said.

"Well, they met a good deal at dances and concerts and things of that sort, and, little by little, the young fellow became very much in love. He used to sit in his bedroom thinking of her and watching the light in her window. Sometimes he would stop up half the night writing verses in atrocious metre on the beauty of her hair."

"What's 'metre'?" asked Mamie.

I informed her to the best of my ability.

"I know:

Eenah, deenah, dinah, doe,
Catch a nigger by his toe;
If he hollers let him go,
Eenah, deenah, dinah, doe.

"Go on," she said again.

"This continued for a long time—months—then, one evening at a dance, he told her he loved her, and asked her to wait for him."

Mamie's eyes gleamed. "She said, 'Yes'?"

"She said 'Yes,' and that night the stupid young fellow stopped up until daylight writing love poems."

"He wasn't stupid," interposed Mamie. "I should like someone to write a love poem about me. Will you?"

"My dear," I rejoined, "don't interrupt. Well, he gave her an engagement ring, and she used to wear it in secret, while the young fellow stayed up until all hours trying to make an income to share with her."

"How nice," said Mamie. "Did he?"

"He worked so hard that he became ill, and had to go away. When he was getting better he had a letter from her, returning him his ring, and saying that her people insisted on her marrying someone else, and that they were to be married within a month. The poor young fellow was heart-broken. He went away from England, out to India, and joined the army there. He got on awfully well, and years and years after, when he hoped he had forgotten all about her, he came back to England."

"Had he forgotten?" asked Mamie.

I shook my head. "No; he only thought he had. He saw her one day in the distance, and he knew he cared as much as ever."

"And what was the end?" asked Mamie.

"The young fellow, now grown old, met a little girl called Mamie in Kensington Gardens one afternoon, and she wouldn't marry him because he was too old, and so he never married at all."

Mamie looked up at me and there were tears in her eyes. "Were you the young fellow?" she asked.

"I was," I replied. My voice was a trifle husky. Telling her had aroused old memories, and I had never forgotten.

Mamie put an arm on my shoulder.

"I am so sorry," she said. "You must find her and marry her."

I smiled. "She is already married," I answered.

Mamie thought for a moment.

"Perhaps he is dead, like my daddie," she suggested.

She was silent for a while. Her arm was linked sympathetically in mine, then:

"She shouldn't have married the other man," she said, with all the wisdom of seven years.

"It is a way women have," I replied, be it to my everlasting discredit, somewhat bitterly.

MAMIE

"I shan't," affirmed Mamie positively.

"Then you will make one man very happy," I replied. "Shall we go for a walk and see if we can find those blackbirds we saw yesterday?"

Singularly childish at times, quaintly old-fashioned at others, Mamie spent the next few weeks in trying to find the heroine of my poor little romance, positive that we should discover her alone, waiting for me. Uncertain as to her age, mystified as to her form, she would point out to me almost every feminine figure who could by the wildest

that score that she failed. Amongst those to whom she drew my attention, in the vain hope of success, were spinsters on the summery side of twenty-five, old maids, ladies who, to judge from their appearance, were the wives of prosperous City merchants, an authoress whose name is a household word, and at least three actresses of equally brilliant reputation.

"We shall never find her, Mamie," I said with a sigh one morning. Somehow, although I would not even acknowledge it to myself, much less to her, our quest was not without pleasure to me, although of a pensive nature. For a few hours it awoke a dim echo of the romance that had once been mine, in the same great city, within a mile of where we so untiringly searched. And so, day by day saw us at the same occupation—the one with the happy optimism



"'Are you quite sure that isn't her?'"

stretch of imagination bear the faintest resemblance to the Juliet of my story.

"Is that her?" she would say, pointing to a middle-aged lady of such severe aspect that not even the most poetical could weave an iota of romance around her. On my replying in the negative she would collapse into the silence of disappointment, only to break it a few minutes later with, "Are you quite sure that isn't her?"

Mamie was extremely catholic in her selection, and it was through no fault on

and zest of youth, the other because it awoke and played upon some chord of the past.

Summer passed, the leaves fell from the trees, the water-fowl sat under the bushes with ruffled feathers. The weather became colder, and Mamie appeared wrapped in warm furs, looking like a ball of white fluff. The papers prophesied an early fall of snow.

"Then I shall snowball you," she said, "and we will go sliding together."

Indefatigably we continued our search,



" 'Dick,' she said, in a voice which had a curious little break in it. 'Dick, then you are Mamie's friend? I might have guessed.' "

and she, still undaunted, peeped into the recesses of muffs held before feminine faces, and poured out to me the same unvarying question.

Jack had long been forgotten and his ring returned; but with a tenacity wonderful for her years, she clung to the one idea—some day we should find her.

One Monday she came to meet me as usual; but her face was white and peaked, and she emitted a painful cough at short, very short, intervals.

"Mamie," I said, "this will not do."

She looked up with that smile I had learned to love.

"Oh, it's nothing," she replied. "I caught it yesterday at church. Mother would make me go twice."

I took her into a shop just outside the Park, and together we chatted over cocoa and cakes. By the time she had to return to meet her nurse, some of the colour had come back to her cheeks.

I did not see her again for a fortnight.

MAMIE

The first week found me waiting every morning by our accustomed seat in the Park. At the end of those seven days I fell to walking through the square where I knew she lived, in the hopes that I might see her at one of the windows. I did not know the number.

Some great man has written enthusiastically of the homeliness of the London squares. It is not for me to contradict him, but how much must depend on the conditions of one's mind! To me, as I passed through it, Somerset Square, typical of many, appeared the apotheosis of desolation and frigid, smug stolidity. The third week found me back at our old seat, wondering what had happened to Mamie, and, being only human, fearing the worst.

On the Wednesday, while I was reading Marlowe, the sound of a step upon the gravel made me look up from the book.

In a second I was on my feet. Before me stood the heroine of my romance. The girl I had left in England—married, twelve years before.

"Dick," she said, in a voice which had a curious little break in it. "Dick, then you are Mamie's friend? I might have guessed from the story you told her."

"Is it so common then, Barbara?" I asked.

In moments of sudden excessive feeling, men are strangely cruel to those whom they love best, and poor though the excuse is, I had first learnt to love from her lips and had never forgotten the lesson.

My punishment was the shadow of pain that passed over her face at my words.

"I was afraid you'd never understand. I had to marry the other man. You see, we had lived upon the edge of a financial crisis for years. I was never allowed to know it, and my marrying him was the only way of saving the catastrophe."

For over an hour we sat upon the seat, talking of the past and all that the twelve long years had meant to us both, and of the future.

Then Barbara drew out her watch.

"It is luncheon time," she said, "and I promised Mamie I would take you in to see her."

"How is she?" I asked, as we walked towards the Park gates. "I am afraid in the happiness of our meeting we had forgotten her."

"In bed, poor child. She has caught a very bad chill," replied Barbara.

On the way I bought Mamie some flowers.

When we entered her room she was propped up in bed—the same Mamie, only looking very white and ill.

"I have brought your friend in to visit you," said Barbara.

I stepped to the bedside.

"How are you, dear?" I asked.

Mamie shook her curls. "Horrid, simply horrid. My cough's bad, my nose is bad—everything's bad."

Barbara brought forward the flowers.

"See what your friend has brought you."

Mamie took them and buried her nose in the blooms.

"Thank you so very much," she said, with an appreciative sniff.

Then she beckoned me to come nearer.

"Have you found her?" she whispered.

I nodded.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

For answer I took Barbara's hand in mine, and together we stood by the bedside.

Mamie looked from one to the other in surprise.

"You and mummie, you and mummie!" she repeated. She turned to her mother.

"Then it was his photo you used to kiss and cry over?" she said.

"Hush, dear," said Barbara, with a blush.

Three weeks have passed, and in a few days Barbara and I are to be married by special licence. To-day I mentioned the subject to Mamie. She is immensely pleased at the success of our quest.

"I told you we'd find her," she said triumphantly. Her one and only regret is the fact that there are to be no bridesmaids.



The Kingdom of Womanhood

Matrimonial Discord

By **ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.**

ONE of the most interesting phases of the modern woman movement is concerned with the marriage question. The spirit of discontent with the old order of things is stirring in the home. Domesticated woman, as well as her bachelor, self-supporting sister, is beginning to desire a wider outlook, a greater freedom. The old-fashioned conception of wifely submission and self-sacrifice does not satisfy a generation of individualists. There is an undercurrent of revolt against any idea of "self-sacrifice" on the part of the woman who marries. The bare idea is an evidence of restlessness and dissatisfaction with the natural order of things. Marriage must entail self-sacrifice on both sides, and it is out of the failure to realise this that discord in the home first arises. The first duty of woman, as of man, is to be unselfish. Woman's work is centred in the home, so that she is naturally called upon to concentrate herself on the home sphere. When she begins to imagine that her outlook on life is "narrowed" in consequence, when she allows herself to get unhappy because she finds married life "disappointing," she is turning aside from the "long, straight road" which leads to happiness. The selfish woman is constantly talking of "her duty to herself." The first duty of everyone, I believe, is to be happy. Many women seem to think that happiness is something outside of themselves that they should obtain without any personal effort. Any woman, unless under the shock of a recent bereavement, can be happy if she likes. It depends on her mental attitude, her way of regarding the plan of life she must follow. Particularly is this true of married life. The woman who receives every worry as if it were an overwhelming tragedy, who is ready to declare that marriage is a failure at the end of each petty matrimonial disagreement, is deliberately making herself and her family wretched. Therefore she will not be

happy because she is not earning the right to be happy. Self-pity is the meanest form of selfishness. Married life is always "disappointing" at times, because men and women are human rather than invariably judicious, wise and charitable in their dealings with each other. Many a serious disagreement between husband and wife arises out of very little in the first instance, a misunderstanding which has never been explained away, a lack of sympathy on one or other side.

A medical man told me the other day that he regularly visited a married couple, who, as a result of a petty disagreement, had not spoken to each other for a dozen years. All communications are made through the servants, or the doctor, who is quite unable to break down the pride and reserve of these tragically foolish people. There is no "quarrelling," and strangers would never know that there was anything the matter. Only a very observant person would notice that the man and wife never directly addressed each other. Rich in worldly possessions, they are destitute indeed of human charity, love and forgiveness. It is a true instance of how a small misunderstanding and a great deal of mistaken pride can spoil two lives.

* * *

The Wife who never Forgets

Misunderstandings about money matters have already been dealt with in this series. Money is the cause of a great deal of discord in married life that could easily be avoided by a little plain speaking of the self-restrained and tactful kind. "The wife who never forgets" is a difficult person to live with. There are women who forgive readily and even enjoy the sense of superiority implied, but they spoil the whole thing by never "forgetting," nor allowing their erring partner to forget that they have had to forgive at all. I know a very worthy

THE KINGDOM OF WOMANHOOD

woman, a hard worker, a good mother, a regular attendant at church. She is the wife of a working man of the best type, who once or twice in his life has given way to the temptation of drink. And he is never allowed to forget for one day how his magnanimous wife was required to forgive him for yielding perhaps twice to a temptation she was never called upon to face. Every day of her life she commits the sin of nagging perpetually at a fellow creature whose self-control must be admired in that he still continues to go straight in spite of it. The art of forgetting has to be cultivated in most homes if married life is to be a success. Happiness will never be gained by the man or woman who cannot both forgive and forget when the occasion demands. A good memory is a bad thing sometimes. It will sap the health and happiness of two people if it entails the remembrance of slights and quarrels and wrongs which have passed into eternity years before. We are all far too apt to remember the annoyances and disappointments we have had to bear, to forget that we also are not free from blame invariably.

The woman who takes herself too seriously makes matrimonial discord in another way. It is a good thing to give one's energies to home duties. It is a bad thing to concentrate on trifles to such an extent that nerve exhaustion is the result. Take the case of the woman who expends just ten times the amount of nerve energy necessary in telling Mary Jane how to egg and bread crumb the cutlets for dinner. Mary Jane forgets, or does not understand, the somewhat complicated directions. At any rate the cutlets are not good, and the anxious housewife, over-tired with having done her household duties at concert pitch all day, cannot bear the disappointment. Her nerve gives way and down she goes. "Oh, John," she wails, "that dreadful Mary Jane has spoiled the dinner again!" And all through the meal—which is really quite a good one—she subjects the poor, fagged husband to a recital of trifling domesticities which his mind is too tired to grapple with. What happens? A sharp word from weary John, resentment, or hysterics from the

keyed-up, careworn wife, provide all the necessary ingredients for discord in the home.

Unpunctuality is generally supposed to be a more common failing of women than men. Business life compels men to be punctual and to make them intolerant of women who are habitually just five minutes too late. Some women never learn, in spite of masculine reproof, to be "up to time," and it is peculiarly irritating for a methodical man to live with a person whose sense of time seems entirely undeveloped. It is a small thing, perhaps, but the accumulation of small sources of irritation added together during years may seriously imperil married happiness. Conscientious punctuality prevents these frequent jars, which combine in many instances to make the domestic tragedy of incompatibility of temper.

* * *

The Ideal and the Actual

Another source of discord is that useless brooding which many women indulge in over the fact that the intense love of pre-matrimonial days has become less apparent since "settling down" after the honeymoon.

There are few wives who have not felt some pangs of disappointment after the early days of marriage are over. Wives are exacting and busy men somewhat forgetful of the necessity of frequent reiteration of their undying affection, which never seems to pall upon women. A woman expects the ecstasy of love to endure all the time. She resents the wane of first ardour sometimes with a bitterness out of all proportion to the case. That is very often the beginning of matrimonial discord. Want of tact and understanding on the wife's part at this stage will convert the rift in the lute into a wide chasm of disillusionment. Half the unhappiness in married life arises from failure to see life, especially married life, in its true perspective. Every married couple must encounter in each other fundamental differences of temperament and character before they settle down into that friendship or comradeship which is a very good substitute for love's young dream. People

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have to get used to each other, and the more tactful the wife the less discord and disillusionment on both sides.

It takes a very clever woman to realise her own and her husband's limitations and to reconcile herself peacefully to conjugal faults she cannot hope to eliminate. It is the weak women who nag and fret a man into chronic ill humour. Of course it is hard on women whose interests are limited to the home sphere, to discover that six months of marriage have converted an ardent lover into a prosaic, everyday man, who grunts cheerfully over the top of his newspaper in reply to heart-searching questions as to the state of his affections.

"Good heavens!" says the man to himself, "isn't the fact that I married her not proof enough of my feelings?"

A man doesn't want to be told several times daily that his wife cares for him, but it would make an enormous difference to the happiness of the majority of women if their husbands could realise the importance of the small courtesies and loving words and attentions which mean so much to women. Selfishness in a man is the one unforgiveable trait in a wife's eyes. A woman will forgive the larger sins if she can look back on months and years of invariable affection, courtesy and kindness in little things.



Do not ask the Impossible

Some men, and not the best either, are naturally gifted with the power of pleasing their women folk in little things. They never forget anniversaries. They sympathise with headaches. They give their wives the affection so many married women's hearts are starved of when the flame of love has flickered low. Such wives do not waste time analysing their state of mind and heart and bewailing love's disillusionment. They are the contented minority. But all men are not naturally sympathetic and sensitively capable of realising the woman's point of view. A clever wife realises the "type"

of man she has married and does not ask the impossible from him. It is just as useless to blame a man because he is not affectionate by nature as it is mean to talk about his faults with other people. Disloyalty is a commoner trait in women than in men. A man would scorn to discuss his wife with his most intimate friends, but even nice women talk over their husband's little failings with their friends and relations in confidential moments.

The present agitation and revolt of women on the marriage question does not sufficiently get hold of the truth that it is not always the wives who are the neglected, injured partners. I have known men who have stuck with a devotion that was heroic to women who have sunk to the depths of self-indulgence in drink or morphia. There are men who have to forgive their wives, men who have to face the world cheerfully, hiding a heart hunger which never leaves them.

Let the women who talk eloquently of the bitterness of marriage disillusionment remember that women are not invariably saints, nor men invariably sinners. Disappointment comes into the lives of all of us; marriage is not all poetry in this workaday world. But however we talk and analyse and probe, all sane people know their duty, and do it if they are wise at all. In the vast majority of married women's lives, duty consists not in public service, nor social ambitions—the modern woman's panacea for dissatisfaction with marriage—but in the quiet self-sacrifice and acceptance of responsibility in the home sphere. The refusal to recognise the call for self-sacrifice is going against duty. Nature has ordained that woman's manifest destiny is marriage and motherhood, and these entail inevitably sacrifice of self. The clever women, the women with a sense of duty and, above all, a sense of humour, accept life and marriage even with its small disillusionments as they are, and make the best of them.





Beside the Still Waters

Afterwards

*SO long the day and tired grow thy feet !
Rest comes at set of sun and rest is
sweet !*

*So dark the day and weary grow thy eyes,
Beyond the clouds Heaven's sunshine ever
lies !*

*So hard the day, toilworn thy lands and
sore !
Sweet their reward when Life's long strife is
o'er.*

*So sad the day, quick fall thy tears and fast !
Sorrow will not endure ; joy comes at last.*

*Fret not, poor heart, but bravely bear each care.
Knowing thy burdens God will surely share.*

*Forget the pain to-day, for on some morrow
Heaven's light will break, joy take the place
of sorrow.*

EVELINE YOUNG.

*SO long as we love we serve ; so long as
we are loved by others I would almost
say that we are indispensable ; and no man
is useless while he has a friend.—ROBERT
LOUIS STEVENSON.*

The Part that does not Show

"NO, it does not make much show, this first coat of paint. But the wood is taking it up, and the pores are filling up with it, and the next coat will show up and bring out the gloss," explained the man with the brush to the one who had wondered why the first application of paint seemed so very thin.

There are many things in our lives that do not make much show, yet fulfil their mission. We often wonder why so many vexing and perplexing things come into our days, and we feel that they do not show results adequate to the effort required to overcome them. We all feel that our energies are spent uselessly sometimes ; that we do not measure up to the high standard we have set for ourselves, that we never reach our ideal, and that the fight is only half won, whereas we would have for our pains a glorious victory which all the world might see.

And yet, for every effort there is an adequate result, even if it does not always show plainly at first. There must be the first coat of paint, the "filler," as the painter calls it, before the second coat can be put on, showing the full beauty of the gloss. Our hearts and lives must be filled with strivings for goodness and attainment before they can show the beauty of those things. The

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first efforts may not make much show ; but they lay the foundation for the final result. Even if full recognition never comes from men, yet Browning says :

" All I could never be, all men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God."

Is it not worth all the effort, all the pains, to know that He sees and values aright all that goes to the making of our character, even if it is visible to no one else ?

Expected

A CROWD of troubles passed him by
As he with courage waited.

He said : " Where do your troubles fly,

When you are thus belated ? "

" We go," they said, " to those who mope,

Who look on life dejected,

Who weakly bid good-bye to hope;

We go—where we're expected."

Obedience the Key

DISOBEDIENCE is the only real destroyer of power. God intends us all to have power ; He creates us with power, and He continues to make it available for us so long as we live. Yet few have power in any such conspicuous way as they ought. Paul had it—to a greater degree, perhaps, than anyone after Jesus Christ. And it has been pointed out that Paul revealed the reason for this. In laying his whole life before King Agrippa, he described the vision which had challenged him into the unconditional service of Christ, and then he added, " I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." That was all that was needed to make him both a spiritual and a temporal dynamo whose force shook the Roman Empire and is felt to-day after nineteen hundred years. That is all that we need to realise our highest longings for power. We have all had our heavenly vision ; we have a fresh one every time a duty presents itself for our attention. Are we obedient to our vision ?

The Stages of Christian Communion

Have mercy upon me, O God.—Ps. 51 : 1.
That I may know the fellowship with *His* sufferings!—PHIL. 3 : 10.

HERE are two degrees of divine communion, its spring and its summer. The first is God's compassion for *me* ; the second is my compassion for God. " Have mercy upon *me*," says the Psalmist ; " Give me fellowship with *Thy* pain," says Paul.

And ever is this the sequence of the soul's approach to God. I begin by asking His fellowship with *me*. It is the cry of my springtime. I have been quickened into pain by the new life within me, and I cry for an anæsthetic. I have been taught my weakness by the moment of convalescence, and I cry for a stimulant. The voice of my spirit in the springtime is ever the prayer that God will take *my* cross. But by and by summer comes, and the scene is changed. My spirit takes a leap, a bound. I pass from *my* cross to *God's* cross. I have often wondered why Paul said " that I may know the fellowship with *His* sufferings " instead of " *His* fellowship with *my* sufferings." But I do not wonder any more. I have learned the difference between spring and summer. Do you not see it in the life of home ? That little girl is laying all her crosses upon the mother ; she would be miserable if the mother did not bear them. But, one day, she will be miserable if the mother does bear them. One day, she will want to lift the *mother's* cross. One day, her deepest desire will be to have fellowship with the parent's sufferings, to help *her* burden up the Dolorous Way. And, when that day comes, it will be, both for mother and child, the leafy month of June.—GEORGE MATHESON, D.D.

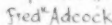
EVERY year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence which will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime " let out all the length of the reins."—MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

Life is Expression

WHATEVER you do, or think, or say, you are constantly revealing your true self. Without intending to, you are spreading a knowledge of your character and of your past among those with whom you mingle. You are each day unrolling a page of your life for the world to read. All that you do makes its mark upon you, physically and mentally. You cannot, if you would, hide the story of your thoughts and acts. Life is expression, and we can only express what we are. Even though the tongue should lie, and the heart seek to deceive, the eye cannot be trained to satisfy. Try as we will to wear masks, to pass for that which we are not, the truth within is perpetually struggling to express itself and will shine through every disguise.

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The PRISON ROBIN

A Pen Picture
by Geo. R. Sims

HE was a man of sixty with a thin, sorrowful face, and he sat on a seat and the birds came hopping and twittering round him.

The birds knew him, for it was his wont to sit in the park and feed them. They took the bread from his fingers. They hopped upon his shoulders and waited there patiently for their turn to come.

He put a little piece of bread between his lips, and a bird flew up from the ground and took it.

It was in a park that is not in the West End and is not a fashionable park that I witnessed the friend of the birds presiding at the morning feast.

I sat down beside him, and presently we fell into conversation.

There was something in the weary, worn face, something in the thin form that seemed familiar to me. Gradually my memory travelled back and back until it stayed in a crowded Court of Justice, and amid a strange silence I heard the most terrible words that human lips can utter come from the solemn judge who sat beneath the great sword of justice.

I looked at the man around whom the gentle little birds had gathered without a trace of fear, and I could not find it in

my heart to put to him the question that I wanted to put.

How can you sit down beside a stranger on a sunny day and watch him feed the birds and say to him: "Are you not the man whom twelve years ago I saw sentenced to death?"

Absurd. The idea was not to be entertained. It was a chance resemblance that had brought back two painful pictures to my mind.

The man gave his last crumb to a perky little sparrow, who insisted upon having it; and then the birds, seeing that their feast was over for the day, spread their wings and flew away.

To encourage conversation I told my new acquaintance of bird benefactors I had known, and I mentioned the old fellow in the gardens of the Luxembourg in Paris, who walks about with the sparrows sitting on his shoulders and perched on his wrist, and is followed by a little army of them wherever he goes, to the intense delight of the children, who leave off their play and follow him too, just for all the world as if he were a new Pied Piper leading the little ones by a spell.

Something I said—an expression I used caused him to look at me keenly through his spectacles, behind which shone a pair of bright eyes that in spite of their brightness had a strange look of melancholy in them.

Instinctively I knew that he had recognised me. He became more communicative. Hitherto he had listened and replied in no more words than were necessary to answer a question politely.

"I have fed the birds for years," he said; "but once it got me into trouble. Not very long ago I had nine days' imprisonment for feeding a robin."

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"Imprisonment for feeding a robin? Surely not!"

"Oh, yes. You see, I was a convict in a convict gaol. Even there I had found friends among the birds. They used to hop about close to me in the exercise ground, and I always kept a little piece of the bread which was served out to me at mealtimes for my pets.

"There was a little robin that always came to me and hopped up and took the crumbs I kept for him from my hand. But one day, just after I had come out of my cell, a warder took hold of me and searched me.

"He found the piece of bread I had kept back for my robin. I was punished for concealing food about my person, and nine days of the time that would be reckoned off my sentence were forfeited. This meant that I should have to remain in gaol nine days longer than I should have done had there been no report against me. And I had been in gaol for nine years and was counting every day that brought me nearer to freedom and home again."

When my new acquaintance of the park told me that he had been for nine years in a convict gaol, I knew that my surmise had been a correct one. He was the man whom I had seen in such tragic circumstances long, long ago.

"You are ———?" I said.

He bowed his head sadly.

"Yes; I thought you recognised me. I knew you when you began to talk. I remembered you, for I saw you in Court when that awful thing happened to me."

Found guilty of the terrible crime for which I had heard him sentenced to death many years previously, the old man who fed the robins was free again and back with his friends the birds.

He told me how he had lain in the condemned cell and listened in the dark hours to the labour of those who were preparing the scaffold. But his sentence had been commuted to penal servitude for life, and then to twelve years' penal servitude, and at the end of the nine years he would

have been free but for the nine days more that he had to wait for freedom, because he had kept back a piece of bread from his prison fare for his friend the robin.

We parted in the sunshine, and as he went on his way I looked after him.

He walked away briskly, bearing his years lightly for a man who had had an experience that the bravest of us would shudder to contemplate as his own.

As he passed towards the gate of the park a little child running in its play fell down.

The old man stooped and picked it up, patted its head and comforted it, and presently the mother came up, thanked him, and took her little one away.

"That child," I thought to myself, "will grow up and some day perhaps will be telling another generation of strange experiences in its life. But the strangest thing that ever happened to it it will not tell, because it will not know."

There are not many children who can say that twelve years after he had been sentenced to death for his crime a condemned man patted its head and comforted it.

* * * * *

I saw the man who loved the little birds and was punished for feeding one once again.

It was on the first night of a new play at a West End theatre.

The piece was a great success, and I had gone to the stage door to wait for a friend of mine who was concerned in the production.

As I stood waiting, a charming young lady, a young actress who had played her part admirably that evening, came through the stage door and crossed the pavement to greet someone who was waiting for her.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, father," she said.

When I looked at the young actress's father I recognised him at once. It was the old man who loved birds and had once kept back a portion of his prison fare to feed a robin.

The Awakening of Nevada

A Preacher's Experience in a Land of Gold

By REV. JOHN J. POOL, F.R.G.S.

STATES as well as individuals can sleep. Since the Comstock lode was first offered to the world, fifty years ago, Nevada, the Silver State of America, has slept indeed so deep a sleep that it has been called the God-forsaken land, and regarded as sleeping the sleep of death.

In those early days, though never a land of many inhabitants, there was life in the country—vigorous, abounding life. The big Bonanza mines of Virginia City excited the entire world, and adventurers flocked from the four quarters of the earth to gather in the spoil. It was a time of intense excitement and of great fortunes suddenly made. The Comstock camp alone produced 680,000,000 dollars. Just think of it!

But with the gradually decreasing output of silver, Nevada sank back into a condition of inertia, and its name almost was forgotten. It had given 1,442,000,000 dollars to the world, and the world repaid it with neglect. It was the "battle born" State that came to America's rescue in the time of its greatest peril, the titanic struggle between the North and the South. It provided the sinews of war, and yet was allowed to fall into forgetfulness that threatened to be utter oblivion. Its palmy days were considered past.

The Dawn of a New Era

But in the spring of 1900 a new era dawned for the country, which was now called the Sagebrush State, in a spirit of derision, as very little else but sagebrush was to be found on its arid mountains and plains. The reawakening came through the discovery of gold by Jim Butler in Southern Nevada.

Quite a romance centres round this prospector and desert nomad. Big in body and big in heart, he wandered with his little burro, or donkey, into a camp called the Klondyke Wells, where he found a rough-looking crowd of half-

discouraged prospectors seated round a huge sagebrush fire, discussing the problem of failure and where they should try their luck next.

A cold wind blew about them from the surrounding desert, which was a veritable desolation, with no roads, the old Indian trails long obliterated, water scarce, and the coyotes howling on every side.

"You've come to a tough country, Jim!" was the greeting that awaited him as he stepped up to the camp fire after unloosing the pack from the patient animal that had been his sole friend for weeks. "Sure, we have a little gold here, but nothing to boast about."

"Well," replied Jim, "take a look at what I have got in my sack here. I dug it up last night fifteen miles away at Tonopah Springs." As he spoke he threw at their feet some blackish burnt-looking quartz.

The motley throng looked at it, touched it gingerly, smelt it, and threw it on the ground again. "Black iron," said one. "Would make good ballast for a ship," said another. "The country is full of such stuff as that," growled a third. "Not worth assaying," said the oracle of the little camp, after examining it again, and this time with a powerful magnifying-glass. That dictum was considered final by all but Jim Butler.

A Man of Faith

This great-hearted man was not one who was easily discouraged, so after a few days' rest he pushed on his lonely way, and made for his home away in Belmont. There he showed his samples to seasoned and experienced prospectors, but it was the same old story of "casting pearls before swine." They threw the specimens from them with disgust, and actually for months a heap of the samples lay unnoticed and untested, scattered about in front of a saloon.

But at last the man of faith had his reward. He persuaded a friend to go to

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the expense of having the ore tested by a first-class assayer, promising him a half interest in the claims if they proved to be what he believed them to be, heralds of rich gold mines. The result was that the ore was found to give regular returns exceeding £100 to the ton in gold and silver. So Jim Butler became a millionaire, and Tonapah became a great mining camp, that was speedily turning out £400,000 worth of precious ore per month.

Thus came about the reawakening of Nevada. An era of gold prosperity then set in, that has been growing in magnitude ever since. Gold was found on every hand, and camps sprang up all over Southern Nevada—such as Bullfrog, Manhattan, Fairview, Wonder, Round Mountain, and last, but greatest, Goldfield. Old camps have been quickened into life also, and the hum of mining industry has broken the silence of the desert desolation, and the shriek of the whistle is heard in place of the yelp of the coyote.

Thousands of strangers have, of course, flocked into the country with the thirst for gold on them, and thousands more are wending their way thither from all parts of the States, and from all parts of the world. And not alone to work in the existing gold mines, but to discover others. The veteran of the Comstock and the tenderfoot of to-day are tramping shoulder to shoulder across the arid deserts of Nevada in the march of progress.

In Search of Health

The writer of the present sketch landed from the train at Reno, the ancient capital of Nevada, in February, 1907, and in the land he stayed and laboured for a period of seven months, so that he can speak with some knowledge of the awakening of the country. His search was for health rather than gold. If he had been seeking the latter mainly, his time of arrival would have been unfortunate, for a great strike of the Western Federation of Miners was on at Goldfield, and when that was ended, financial depression crept over the whole of the United States, and hampered



“You’ve come to a tough country, Jim.”

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to a considerable extent the mining industry in Nevada.

Yet nothing really could damp the ardour of the people of the State; for those denizens of the desert, those enthusiastic searchers for gold, are optimists of the purest dye. They are sure of themselves and of each other, and are courageous pilots upon the uncharted sea of fortune. When, through depression of stocks, ruin overtook some of them—yea, many of them—in the spring and again in the autumn of 1907, it was grand to see the way in which they bore misfortune. They did not flinch, nor bow the head, nor curse their fate, but only went white as death, and set their teeth firmly together, and walked away with an air of proud self-sufficiency that called forth intense admiration in those who were looking on and whose hearts were full of brotherly sympathy.

The Men of Nevada

The men of Nevada are men indeed. They are unspoiled by success and undaunted by adversity, and they are ever ready to lend each other a helping hand. Drones in the industrial hive are quickly pushed on one side, but every true man failing in the running finds a generous hand at his elbow, and grubstake his for the asking.

This term "grubstake" may need a word of explanation. It means not merely something to eat, but in mining parlance it signifies that one man or two or three men have agreed to furnish some other man with provisions and supplies and a certain amount of money, for use on a prospecting expedition, on the condition that those who furnish the grubstake shall share with the prospector in everything that he may find.

The Aristocracy of Labour

Everybody is "hail fellow, well met" in Nevada. All are aristocrats, for only the aristocracy of labour is recognised in the land. Where there is pre-eminence it comes alone through ability and individual effort, and there is exceptional ability in the country in every line of life. As in the days when Mark Twain was in the State, so now men of genius are to be found in the chief camps, either on the

staff of the papers, or on the stock exchanges, or in legal circles, or as mine-owners and financial magnates. Nevada draws great souls and makes great souls.

The writer turned his hand to many things during his stay in the State. For a time he was a preacher, and will never forget the welcome he received from miners and mine-owners as he arrived in village or town and arranged to hold services. Mining halls, where they existed, were thrown open to him, and even drinking and gambling saloons; and the men joined heartily in the singing and listened with respectful attention to what the speaker had to say. Violent scenes occasionally occurred in his presence, and he witnessed more than one murder, and was himself in danger of his life from lawless characters on two occasions. But such episodes were but incidents by the way, and need not be lingered over.

Rough Justice

The sight of the tarring and feathering of a man, however, was something out of the common. It happened at Wonder town. In that mining camp a man ran amok after imbibing too frequently and too heavily at one of the innumerable saloons. The madman, carrying a revolver in each hand, blazed away at all and sundry as he raced along the main street. It was a miracle that he did not slay anybody. After him went a band of avengers, who caught him just outside the town. The cry was "Lynch him! lynch him!" and the deed was about to be done, when one or two more sober spirits interposed and wiser counsels prevailed. A judge and jury sat on the case by the roadside, and the sentence was, "Tar and feather him, and drive him forth into the wilds."

In a trice the clothes were off the poor fellow's back, and when the tar was secured, piping hot, he was coated all over with it, and his shrieks drowned with a splash or two in his mouth. Then pillows were emptied of their contents, and the feathers deftly sprinkled over the black body until it became white again. A wondrous but terrible scarecrow stared one in the face. Then the man was bidden to make all speed to Fairview, some miles away, and never again to

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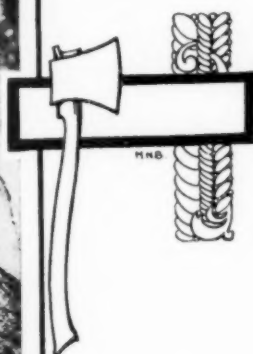
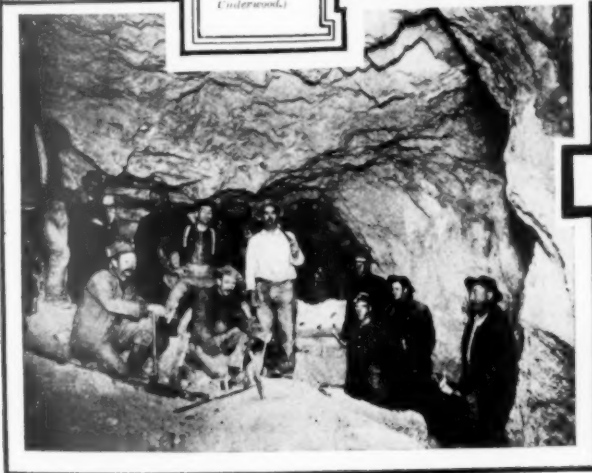
SCENES IN NEVADA

1. PROSPECTORS START-
ING ON A JOURNEY
WITH COMPLETE OUTF-
FIT.

2. U.S. MAIL COACH
FROM GOLDFIELD TO
BULL FROG PASSING
THROUGH A NARROW
DEFILE.

3. MOHAWK MINE, GOLDFIELD, SHOWING
LEDGES OF GOLD ORE.

(Photos:
Underwood and
Underwood.)



THE QUIVER

show his face in Wonder town. With grim humour, and with taunts and jeers, the scarecrow was chased along the road, and the district knew him no more. The example thus made had a salutary effect upon "bad men" generally in the town and neighbourhood.

Wanted—a Minister

There are some quaint and original characters in Wonder. The town is well named. A miner one day was cut down by the grim reaper whose name is Death. There was no minister to officiate at the funeral, but there lived in Wonder a man of the name of Pelton, a prosperous mine-owner. He volunteered his services for the funeral, if the boys would find him a Prayer Book or a Bible. He was careful to explain that he had accidentally left his own Bible behind him out in the Eastern States.

The hunt began, and was continued for hours without avail, for Wonder contained neither a Book of Common Prayer nor a copy of the Scriptures. Such treasures were rarer even than gold. But Mr. Pelton was a man of resource. He remembered, or thought he did, the Lord's Prayer, and screwing up his courage, he officiated at the grave and led off with a fairly correct version of that most wonderful prayer that Christ taught His disciples.

At the close, one of the miners, feeling that enough had not even yet been done, chimed in with the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

In view of these things the inhabitants of Wonder town in solemn assembly declared that it was high time they had a parson in camp to admonish "bad men," and to bury the dead. So Mr. Pelton was packed off to Reno, the commercial capital of Nevada, to find one.

"Friends," said this plain-spoken, practical, kindly-hearted delegate, "we want a preacher who is young and a good fellow. If possible we want one who can handle a gun, and who can join the boys in a little

jollification now and again. I am commissioned to find a parson who not only can preach, but who can drink and smoke and be a real good fellow." Truly a strange request!

A Congregational and a Presbyterian minister arrived on the field within a few hours of each other, but the latter being first got the appointment. Outsiders not being aware that the matter had been settled thus expeditiously, sent in written applications for the post. One letter ran thus: "I am a clergyman, and I am told that Wonder needs a preacher who can drink and smoke and shoot. I offer myself with every confidence for the berth, as I am proficient in these things." The writer, who may have been in earnest, but who was probably jesting, enclosed a photo of himself, which depicted him with a big black cigar in a corner of his mouth, a jug of beer on the table near his left hand, and a rifle in his right hand. His moustache was drooping and gave him a somewhat sinister appearance. Altogether this parson looked as if he could give a good account of himself, as someone sarcastically remarked, in the interests of brotherly love. Such is the broad humour of a mining camp. We speak of things as they are, as we have seen them.

The Call of the Wild

Writing this article in a quiet home in London, the life one lived in Nevada seems but a dream. What an experience it was, though! And the Sagebrush State calls and calls and calls, and the feeling comes over one that one must again rise and pack up one's traps, and speed over the four thousand miles that divide England from Nevada.

Nevada's past has been glorious, but its present is more glorious, and its future will be more glorious still. The State is a treasure-house of riches, a veritable "Field of the Cloth of Gold." And it contains loyal hearts and true—men of sterling worth—to whom the Gospel message must be sent.



The Jewel Seekers

A Story for the Children

By MYRA HAMILTON

THE King, although a King, was really a happy man. He was tall and fair to look upon and the strongest and most healthy person in his own realm. He had the love and respect of his subjects, who had watched him grow, from boyhood to manhood, with the firm conviction that however rich other countries might be in gold, or ships, or such like possessions, they were poor indeed, inasmuch as they could not lay claim to a ruler as great and attractive as their own. And then, Her Majesty, the Queen! The praise bestowed upon His Majesty could be doubled and trebled when applied to the Queen, who was just perfect in every way. Sweet, loving, beautiful, clever, sympathetic—she was everything you could think of, and more besides. For she was the mother of the baby Prince. And what a treasure he was! So good and merry, never crying or fretful like other children, but content to lie in his nurse's arms and gaze upon his adoring subjects. You would have thought that three such happy people had not a care in the world, nor the very smallest cloud upon their days. And yet His Majesty was very troubled. I will tell you why. After the birth of His Royal Highness, the King was so delighted with everything and everybody that he hardly knew how to express his great joy until he decided to issue a proclamation, saying that the best jewel in the world was to be found and brought to him as soon as possible, for only by such a gift, he felt, could he show, in the least degree, the esteem in which he held his dear wife.

His Majesty's knowledge of precious stones was not great enough for him to feel any confidence in his judgment, so early one evening he decided he would seek counsel with a kind-hearted Witch, who, he knew, lived at the foot of the mountain. Accordingly he slipped away while the Queen was superintending the nightly bath of the royal infant, and set off at a good pace towards his destination. Soon he reached the cave, but to his dis-

appointment he found it was deserted; but knowing the habits of his hostess, he sat down to wait, feeling certain she would arrive shortly. At length he perceived a tiny speck in the distance, which even while he watched grew bigger and bigger, until His Majesty was startled to see that it was a huge bat flitting along. It was not, however, travelling with its usual large sweeping movement, but approached in such a straight line that it was evidently under control. And then the King saw the Witch perched upon its back, driving it steadily forward with a rein gripped in each claw-like hand. They stopped when they reached the cave door, and the Witch stepped off and gave her mount a sharp flick with her broom.

"To my stable," she said crossly, "and don't let me have any more fuss. It is quite easy to get a bat to ride. Off with you!"

"I am afraid you are a little upset," said His Majesty, regretting his unexpected visit.

"No, no," the Witch answered, tossing her broom in a corner, and carefully hanging up the handsome chain of white teeth that she always wore. "I had to go out on business, and I called for a bat; but I was given one who was too fresh. He would not fly steadily on, but insisted upon that fast sweeping motion which makes me feel so sick. I was obliged to take him a long way round to tire him out, and then he would keep on flicking up behind to try and unseat me. However, I was not a member of the Witches' Hunt for nothing," she added proudly. "But what can I do for you, Your Majesty?" she asked, for she, like his other subjects, loved him dearly, and it pained her to see a cloud on his face.

So His Majesty spoke out, and told his listener all that was in his heart. The joy he had in his little son, and his wild desire to procure a wonderful jewel for the baby's mother. She heard of the proclamation which was already posted on the city walls,

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and then the King explained to her his fear that he might not recognise the best jewel when he was brought face to face with it. The Witch listened in silence, then she rose and went beyond the cave and was absent some time.

"Yes, it is as I thought," she told him when she returned. "Some feeling within you will make you reject every jewel which is offered, until one whom you esteem lightly will teach you that you have attained perfection. That is all I can say," she ended regretfully, for she would have liked to help the monarch more if it had been possible.

His Majesty rode slowly back to the palace, and was met by the news that Her Majesty desired to speak with him. The Queen rose to greet him as he entered, and drew him to the terrace, so that they could watch the starlit sky as they talked together.

"I drove through the streets to-day," she said, "and it seemed to me a change had come over our people. They barely heeded the royal coach, and had no time for a cheer or a wave of the hand as we passed. They appeared to be engrossed in vast preparations of some kind. Are we on the eve of a battle, of which the knowledge has been kept from me?"

"No, no," the King assured her. "We are at peace with all countries. No blood need be shed by us. Tell me more about it."

"There seemed sorrow in the streets, yet hope and expectation was in the air, too. Mothers were sending their sons off, wives were bidding their husbands farewell, while sisters kept a watchful eye to see their brothers lacked nothing on their journey. Whither are they all bound? What quest is afoot?"

At last His Majesty understood that his loyal subjects had read the proclamation and were acting upon it, and soon, he knew, not one able-bodied man would linger among the women within the city walls. All would seek the jewel the King had need of.

So, then and there, on the terrace, he told the Queen of his determination to make her this precious gift, as a little sign of his love, but to his regret, Her Majesty appeared most grieved and distressed.

"I have jewels enough," she declared. "There is no stone in all the world that can add one grain to my happiness. But

my heart will ache if I feel the men are neglecting their work, their wives, and their homes to seek for me that which I fear I shall not value. Recall the seekers of this jewel, I beg. Let their strength and courage be spent in adding to their possessions, and improving the conditions under which they live. I can't bear that they should face privations and perils for my sake."

But the King would not heed Her Majesty's appeal, and for the first time since her marriage the Queen retired with a heavy heart. No news came of those who had set forth—at least, not of those on whom fortune smiled. But many fell ill or met with accidents and returned, sick and maimed, to be nursed back to health by the women who loved them. And the stories they told were terrible to listen to—fights with wild animals, pursuit by giants, and wrecks on stormy seas. The tears poured down the Queen's pale face as she heard these stories while passing in and out the homes made desolate by the royal whim. At last, all the men were accounted for, except a few—such a few—and the watchers wondered whether they would return in triumph on the appointed day, or whether they had quite vanished.

Prosperity came again to the desolate city, for the men, when they recovered, set to work with renewed vigour just as though, after their recent experiences, they were only too glad to be within the four walls of the city again. But still the Queen felt troubled, as she knew black looks were cast at her and bitter things were said, for many were unfair enough in their judgment of the royal lady to be certain she yearned for the most perfect jewel of all, and had, in secret, urged the King to procure it for her. Her happiest hours were those she spent by the cradle of her child, whose joy at finding her near when he opened his eyes each morning did much to soothe her troubled heart.

Nearer and nearer drew the day upon which His Majesty had promised to receive in audience all those who had returned from the quest, and at last, when the great event really arrived, the vast hall was crowded. The lords and ladies of the Court were there, the high officials, the Secretaries of this, that, and the other.

THE JEWEL SEEKERS

the royal Doctors, the champion Dentist, the Court Barber, the Palace Housekeeper, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Guardian of the State Hounds, the Head of the Horses, besides hundreds of small ordinary people, too unimportant to notice. Two thrones were raised at the end of the hall, and a little golden cradle placed by the side of one, for Her Majesty desired the baby Prince to be present at such an important gathering.

Soon, with a great blowing of trumpets and loud cheers, their Majesties arrived, while the Mistress of the Cradle followed behind, carrying the royal infant. Very grave and serious they looked, for the King was wondering if he had attained his desire and would now be able to lay at the feet of his dear wife the most perfect jewel in all the world, and the Queen's heart was full of fear, for she dreaded the stories of suffering she knew she was to listen to. The only person who seemed quite happy was the baby, who slept peacefully through it all. The King decided to dispense with

all speeches and ceremony, and the moment he was seated on his throne he made a sign and three men came forward. The eldest of the three handed His Majesty such a lovely diamond that its rays filled the hall, and the Queen herself caught her breath as she looked upon it.

"I and my two brothers took this stone from the Giant who guards the White Tip Mountain. He kept it hidden in a hole in one of his front teeth, and when he slept his lips were tightly closed over his treasure. We three climbed up to his haunts, and suggested we should enter his service and work for him for nothing, and the arrangement was to last till we displeased him. Then our punishment was we were to be eaten. I did the cooking, my younger brother here did the housework, and the youngest one looked after the Giant's wardrobe. That may sound to you, Your Majesty, a little thing, but he was the dressiest Giant ever known, and he was always fussing about his clothes and appearance. Well, one day our master was very



"The eldest of the three handed His Majesty such a lovely diamond that its rays filled the hall."

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angry, because he did not consider his hair had been parted properly, and he rushed at my brother and swore he would devour him. The boy escaped into the branches of a very high tree, while I hurried forward with a specially planned milk pudding, which I knew would assist us. The Giant had a big inside to fill and his dishes of food were huge. Now this milk pudding was half composed of big flints, for I hoped that eating this rough food would grind down the precious stone he carried in his tooth and make it loose and easily shaken out. He always liked my cooking, and he gulped down the pudding at a tremendous rate, shaking his fist at the lad in the branches, and vowing to enjoy him for dessert. My brother, who did the housework, offered to cut down the tree, so that the Giant could carry out his wish, and with great difficulty he succeeded, and the tree toppled forward.

"How nice and tasty it would be," I suggested, "if the boy could drop straight into your open mouth. Stand facing the branches with your jaws stretched to their fullest extent and snap him up as he falls."

"Directly he took up his position, I crept to his side with a pitchfork, but he was so intently watching the falling tree, with his lips curled back with greed, that he did not feel me jerk the precious stone into a cup held by my brother, for at the same instant the tree toppled to the ground. The branches and leaves half choked and stunned the Giant, and blinded by all that fell upon him, he was not able to capture my poor brother, who speedily clambered out and fled with us.

"That is the true story of the diamond, Your Majesty," added the young man, with an eager look at the monarch's face.

The King stared at the stone very gravely, and then with a sigh handed it back.

"It is gorgeous," he said kindly, "and I am glad you have secured it, but it must be for your own use. I cannot claim it. Alas! It is not perfect!"

The surprise among the people was great, even Her Majesty looked very perplexed at her husband's decision, but being a well-brought-up Queen, she just sat still and said nothing.

The next to come forward was an elderly man who bore one pearl in his hand.

"I captured a Mermaid," he explained

curtly. "And I locked her up and beat her until she cried pearls for tears. One day I found this at the bottom of her cage, and I knew her tears could flow no more. I let her get back to the sea then. She was no good to me."

"For shame!" exclaimed the King, while the sobs of his gentle wife could be heard throughout the hall. "For shame! Your jewel is as nothing compared with others I have seen, but even if it were perfect, we would not touch it. Away from our sight!"

Then there came a man with a ruby, another with an emerald, one with a sapphire, and many more with diamonds, but His Majesty accepted none. And, at length, the people dispersed, feeling the demand of the monarch was greater than they could deal with, and the King was left alone with the Queen and the baby Prince. Not quite alone, however, for there was playing round the throne a strange elf-like child, of whom they were both fond. He belonged to the Court Jester really, but many looked askance at him, for it was said he talked with the fairies, and he often brought out words of wisdom which startled his hearers. He sat by the cradle of the Prince and clapped his hands gleefully when the babe opened his eyes and smiled.

"See," he said, "all the fuss and trouble has been for nothing after all. The Jewel Seekers went too far for their treasure."

"What do you mean?" asked Her Majesty kindly, and the King drew near to listen as he recalled the words of the Witch.

"The Perfect Jewel is not to be found on mountains, nor among Giants and Mermaids," the elf-like child told them. "It is much nearer home than that!"

"Where is it?" the Queen said softly, though she almost guessed the answer that would come.

The lad bent down to the cradle, and gathered the little infant carefully up.

"Here," he replied, as he placed the Prince in his mother's arms. "The smile and trust of the babe you love is the most perfect jewel in all the world to a mother."

And the King, as he kissed the Queen's happy face, was obliged to admit that the elf-child was right, and he had made a great mistake.

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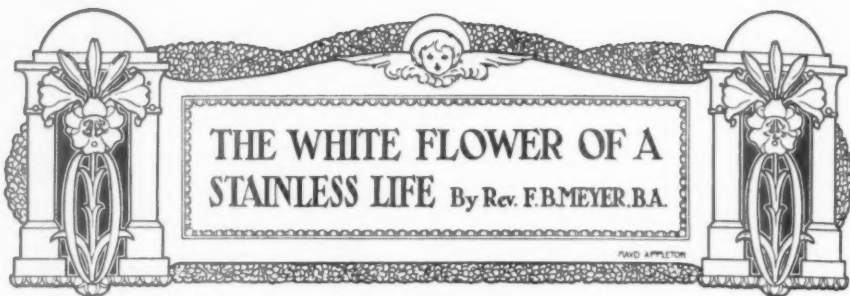
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TRESPASSERS.

(From the painting by Yeend King, V.P.R.L.)



IN a Mission Sunday School in Chicago, a Christian lady, who conducted a class of girls drawn from the lowest slums, was almost in despair about one girl who resisted every effort to humanise and lift her. She remained dirty, unkempt, stubborn, and hoydenish. At last, in sheer desperation, one Sunday afternoon the teacher brought to the class a perfectly beautiful arum lily—one of the loveliest of the fair, snow-white sisterhood.

As soon as the girl entered the classroom, she fixed her eyes on the flower, then asked to be allowed to handle it for just a minute; then she got up, and rushed out of the class.

Shortly afterwards, she came back, her hands and face washed, her hair smoothed, and a new light in her eyes. After the class was over the teacher asked what had happened, and the girl burst into a passion of tears, saying: "It was that flower as did it."

It seemed as though a shaft of God's own purity had shot down into her soul, and made her abhor what was discordant to the music of a sweet and pure existence.

Probably this story gives the clue to all that purity of thought and speech, of habit and life, which we must cultivate in our homes if our boys and girls are to escape the corruption which is in the world.

When from the first the ideals are high and pure, the lives of growing children become so moulded by them, that they shrink from the opposite, as the well-trained ear does from the discordant or jarring note.

A friend of mine tells me that when he was a young clerk in a big counting-

house, where the talk was habitually filthy, a young lad, straight from a clean provincial home, came up as an apprentice. After he had been in the office a couple of hours, he was detected looking flushed and excited, and tears were in his eyes. Some of the fellows advised him to go back to his mother, but the head-cashier asked him the cause.

"I wish," said the youngster shyly, "that they wouldn't talk like that. We never had talk like that in my father's house."

And from that moment, during the remainder of my friend's term, there was no return to the contaminating conversation which had blackened the lips that uttered it, and the ears that received it. This is the best safeguard to the young ones; that they shall be so accustomed to breathe the pure ozone of the mountains, that they shall not be able to endure the fetid atmosphere of an unventilated room.

From the earliest the ingenuity of a holy parent love should weave white curtains of Purity around the children. Of course, the innocence of the little boy or girl is very sweet. As in the old story of Paradise, so of every childhood's Paradise, it is true, that though naked they are unashamed. By no slightest allusion or word must that spell be broken. The child's attention must not be turned upon itself. Don't hasten to withdraw the veil of unconsciousness that hides the little eyes from itself, or dissipate those clouds of glory in which it comes enswathed from Heaven, its native Home. But set to work to make the apron of fig-leaves; and accustom the child to wear it naturally from the

THE WHITE FLOWER OF A STAINLESS LIFE

first, before it has awoke to self-consciousness, or commenced to learn with shame the need for wearing it.

We are told that Samuel's mother made a little coat as her yearly gift to the Levite-child. How she wove her tears, her prayers, her mother-love into its fine fabric! It is improbable that every hand-made garment carries with it the virtue or otherwise of its maker. Still there is a mystic influence which flows from "the hem of the garment," and how much more from the garments made by women for those they love. But there are other garments that mothers make for their little ones. Garments of self-reverence, purity, and transparent truthfulness are ever being woven in the looms of their hearts, and fitted to the sweet, dear forms. It is, indeed, probable that the garments which are made and fitted during the first four years of life are worn by us as long as we live, expanding with our growth.

The Clothing of the Spirit

Mothers take a proper pride in the clothing of their little ones, but do they not sometimes neglect what I might call the spiritual clothing which is to shield them from ills more vital than colds or disease?

If a boy is taught to regard his body as God's pure temple of alabaster, where the shekinah glory still lingers, it will tend to preserve him when surrounded by the invisible hosts of evil.

If a girl is so impressed from the earliest with the sacredness of her own person, there will be an outer barricade of maidenly reserve which will defeat the first attack of the invader.

To be dubbed a Puritan, for me is no badge of disgrace, but on the contrary. It should be remembered, however, that the great Puritan, who composed the immortal "Comus," was also the author of "L'Allegro," with its appreciation of all that is brightest and best in nature, art, and religion. But for my part I dislike to see in Christian homes undraped statues and pictures. I know what evil they wrought for me years ago; and this makes me speak.

Mercifully, the cuts which are scattered over our country in weekly tons of

picture and print, are so inartistic and so disgusting that they will hardly captivate the taste which has been accustomed to love only the things that are pure, lovely, honourable, and of good report. Still, everyone who cares for the young ones growing up at home will narrowly scan all periodicals and newspapers, all books and pictures that are introduced into the house to lie about for family use. There should be a censorship of the Press in every family.

One of my readers says: "But must you not begin by a censorship of the very Scriptures which you put into the hands of your youth?" I reply frankly that, of course, there are some passages which one would not read aloud or select for teaching. But these are not the attractive stories of the Bible to which children turn, as naturally as bees to flowers. Indeed, though the Bible was in my hands from childhood, I never remember to have discovered these narratives in those early days. I was so eager for the soft parts of the egg, that I didn't waste time in an endeavour to eat the shell. Somehow one missed the chapters which hold up the mirror to the worse aspects of human nature.

Besides, when the Bible deals with these questions, its tone is like that of our mother, when she holds up sin, to make us hate it. There is no taint of putrefaction or pollution in these calm pure lips, which, if they describe sin, only do so to make us distinguish its features, that we may shun it whenever we see it on our path.

Whatever may be advanced theoretically and academically, one has yet to meet the first case in which any moral injury has been traced to the perusal of the stern, terrible, and faithful delineation of sin, which we find especially in the Old Testament.

The younger children don't understand; as for the older ones, there is as yet a veil on their eyes; and for youths and maidens there is enough to instruct their minds on matters which they must know, but not enough to excite their prurient imagination. The Seraphim, with drawn sword, keep the way against any abuse of the Tree of Life.

It may be objected that if all these

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precautions are taken, our youth will be unfit to cope with the temptations to which they will be inevitably exposed. The criticism would be just if I were to stay here. But this, of course, is not all. All thoughtful persons are agreed that Purity is to be preferred to Innocence, just as the positive is preferable to the negative, and as fire is a stronger purifying agent than snow. Certainly it is a sin and shame for any young person to be sent forth into life in innocence of the world's evil. It is hardly possible to conceive of a greater wrong that could be perpetrated by parent or guardian.

All that hitherto has been advanced in these lines has been the urgent need for fencing the young tree around with all possible precaution, lest the wild boar out of the wood should uproot it or hurt its tender bark with its tusks. But when the hour has struck for passing from the home-nest to make the first flight in the great world; when the young knight has to descend into the thick of the battle, it is certain that there should be brought about a never-to-be-forgotten talk, and a visit to the Armoury for girding on of armour upon the slender figure of the young soldier.

On the whole, at that supreme moment, let the mother speak to the girls and the father to the boys. But this is not a hard-and-fast rule, for the mother who bore us has a right to speak on the nature that she gave her son or daughter, explaining something of its meaning and pricelessness. It is not so difficult to say what you want to say, because God's Holy Angels whisper into heart and soul at the moment that you are speaking to the outward ear of your intent child. What you cannot explain, *He* explains by intuitions that illumine the inner consciousness. The lightning-flash explains the sweep of a landscape over which night broods as no letterpress or language could. The analogies of plant life, or lower forms of animal life, will help you; and you must remember that those young eyes have seen many things happen, as the child has been cradled on the knees of that old nurse, Mother Nature, who has reared a thousand generations. What ear hath not heard is still revealed to the heart by the Spirit of God!

Talks in the Dark

A dear, old-time friend of mine, who has brought up four lovely children, now all happily married, made it the practice of her earlier life to visit the bedrooms of her boys and girls, as soon as they were in bed, to talk over in the dark all their secret confidences. She found that they would tell her things under cover of the dark, which they would not in the light—things that they had heard at school, or read in books, and could not understand.

Many a time, like the Consort of Richard I., she sucked the poison from the wound before it had had time to inflame the whole system.

And when, later, they returned home from public schools, and were quite grown, those talks in the dark with mother helped to keep their hearts clean and their minds pure. The reason why so many children drift from their parents, and especially from their mothers, is because such confidences are so rare. A kind of estrangement comes between them, because the young heart realises that there no longer remains for it that holy, unlimited confidence which could tell mother everything.

This estrangement would be impossible if all parents adopted the plan so successfully followed by my friend.

Yes! Purity is more than Innocence, and it will come easily and naturally by God's grace; and the King of the Undefined is ever at hand to succour and save any knights of his that are hardly beset. They who are tempted the most have the chance of the most resplendent victory. The natures most sensitive to the best may be most liable to the worst, and vice versa. Those who have fallen may yet regain their footing and start again, as diamonds may be produced from charcoal. The last, like St. Augustine, may yet become first.

We may have to come out of great tribulations ere, with cleansed garments, we can stand before the Lamb. But, let it be well understood that there need be no break in the continuity of a noble life, and that it may unfold in regular symmetry from the Cradle to the Grave.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

JULY DUTIES IN THE STILL-ROOM

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IT is in comparatively few houses that the still-room, the apartment whose secrets were so jealously guarded by our great-grandmothers, is to be found, but the duties which our ancestresses so faithfully fulfilled still exist, and at this season of the year they crop up with such alarming rapidity that the housewife who wishes to lay in a sufficient store of pickles, dried herbs, and preserves, must set to work with hearty good-will to accomplish her tasks.

How true is the saying "Other times, other manners!" In the days when haughty dames and dainty ladies not only vied with one another in the preparation of delectable concoctions, both savoury and sweet, but went even more thoroughly into the matter, and planted and tended with their own fair hands the ingredients they required, many herbs, seeds, and vegetables were cultivated of which we, in these days of "ready-made" pickles and sauces, hardly know the names, and the delicate flavourings have never even tasted. But apart from these old-world varieties, many of the useful herbs and vegetables grown in our country and even town gardens are not put to their fullest use—the nasturtium seeds which form so excellent a substitute for capers; the kidney, French and broad beans, all of which are so easily preserved for winter use when the scarcity of vegetables makes them a welcome adjunct to the luncheon and dinner table: these are only two examples quoted at random from the long list of articles which demand the attention of the prudent housewife in this month of July.

The list of vegetables and fruits usually

ready to pickle at this time include:—Cauliflowers, cucumbers, gherkins, onions, shallots, tomatoes, melons, nasturtiums, walnuts, radish pods, and beans.

Most herbs are now at their best, and advantage should be taken of the first hot, dry and brilliantly fine day to gather and prepare them for drying. It is best to let the sun shine on them for several hours to completely dry off any dew which may have accumulated during the night. Having carefully removed any imperfect leaves, the sprigs of mint, marjoram, thyme, and parsley (these are the commonest herbs), must be spread out and placed where the rays of the sun fall upon them; the quicker and more intense the heat the more flavour remains in the dried leaves.

The old-fashioned gardener's method of tying the herbs into bunches and hanging them in kitchen or tool-shed to dry is not to be commended, as the process takes too long, to say nothing of the amount of dust and dirt accumulated during the drying.

When the leaves are quite dry and brittle they must be picked from the stalks and powdered by rubbing them between the fingers. Next sift the powder through a sieve, and place it in small, closely stoppered bottles, which, for obvious reasons, should be well dried before the herbs are placed in them.

Mushroom powder is made in the same way, the fungi being wiped and peeled before they are placed in the sun. The delicate flavour of mushrooms is so volatile that the corks of the bottles containing the powder should be sealed.

Tarragon vinegar is much liked in salad

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dressings and mayonnaise sauce, especially by people who have lived much abroad and become accustomed to its peculiar flavour. It is easily prepared at home. Gather the tarragon leaves on a hot day and place them in the sun to dry. Put them in a jar and cover with white wine vinegar. Let them remain for a fortnight, then strain off the vinegar into small bottles and seal the corks.

Rules to be observed in Pickling

The vegetables, fruit, etc., *must* be fresh, in excellent condition, and dry. The vinegar, on which the success of the pickles principally depends, must be the best procurable. This is, undoubtedly, white wine vinegar. The small extra expense will be amply repaid by the difference in the result. Glass bottles, well washed and thoroughly dried, should be used. If earthen jars are preferred they must be unglazed, as the vinegar, acting on the glaze, produces a mineral poison.

Boil the vinegar in lined saucepans or, better still, in a fire-proof pipkin. When preparing the vegetables, etc., use a silver knife and fork.

To Pickle Cauliflower

Select the closest and whitest cauliflowers, remove the stalks and break the flowers into neat bunches. Throw these into boiling water for a quarter of an hour. Carefully drain the pieces, sprinkle them with salt, and let them lie for twenty-four hours. Put all the bunches in a large jar and pour boiling salt and water over them. Next morning drain, by laying the pieces on a dry cloth, and put them into glass jars. Meanwhile prepare the pickling liquor. Boil three quarts of vinegar with three ounces of coriander seeds, one ounce of mustard seeds, one ounce of ginger, and half an ounce each of mace and nutmeg. When cold pour over the cauliflower and tie down closely. If preferred the spices may be omitted, and if a salt pickle is liked sprinkle salt in between each layer of the vegetable, and fill the jar with cold boiled vinegar.

The addition of a few mushrooms to hot winter dishes so greatly improves the flavour

that it is well worth while to lay in a store of this useful pickle when mushrooms are at their best and cheap.

Two kinds can be made, one from button mushrooms which can be served with veal and mutton cutlets, and the other from the larger mushrooms whose fuller flavour is delicious in stews and hashes.

To Pickle Button Mushrooms

Wipe each mushroom very clean with a piece of flannel dipped in salt, and place in a large saucepan with pepper, salt a few cloves, and a very little powdered mace. Add enough vinegar to just cover them. A large quantity of liquor will be produced, and the mushrooms must lie in this (with the saucepan drawn to the side of the stove) until they have absorbed all the liquor. They require careful watching lest they stick to the bottom of the pan. Place the "buttons" in wide-mouthed bottles and pour cold vinegar, that has been boiled, over them. The bottles must be well corked. Button mushrooms pickled in this manner will keep for years. If the vinegar evaporates add a little more. When they are wanted take as many as are required from the bottle, and pour a little boiling water over them, when they are ready to serve.

The larger mushrooms should be carefully selected and thoroughly cleaned, then put into a jar in layers with salt in between. Tie down closely and leave for two days. Place the jar in the oven for an hour, strain off the liquor and boil it for half an hour with some cloves and whole pepper. Lay the mushrooms in for a few minutes, then remove the pan from the fire, and when the contents are quite cold place them in bottles.

Nasturtium seeds should be gathered when quite young, and may be added to the bottle as they become ready. The brine for pickling them is made by dissolving one and a half ounces of table salt in a quart of vinegar. Kidney, French and broad beans will keep all the winter if placed in jars between layers of salt. The jars must be closed tightly, and when required for use soak the beans in several fresh waters for twelve hours before preparing as usual.

[Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer any enquiries on matters dealt with on this page. They should be addressed to "The Home Department," QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.]

THE EMBROIDERY OF INITIALS

By ELLEN T. MASTERS

THE amateur worker is to be congratulated who has it in her power to embroider initials and monograms on her household linen. Not only do the letters, when handsomely worked, greatly enrich the appearance of the articles upon which they are placed, but they have the advantage of wearing and washing well, and of foiling the dishonest laundress whether at home or abroad. Many workers have the notion that it is an extremely difficult matter to embroider initials. This is certainly true if they require raised satin stitch, open effects, and various other "tricky" stitches such as I shall be showing later on. It is possible to get a good result merely with outline stitch and back-stitch, such as I have illustrated in No. 1, if the embroideress does not consider herself skilful enough to attempt the more elaborate work.

The designs for the initials themselves may often be obtained from large advertisements, or they may be found among Messrs. Vicars's, Briggs's, or Deighton's transfers.

The size must naturally depend upon the article upon which they are placed, and upon the industry of the worker herself. Also, some people prefer the old-English lettering such as that in No. 2, while others like something more florid, as in No. 3. In any case when setting up housekeeping it is a good plan to choose a certain style and to keep to it throughout for sheets, pillow-covers, tray-cloths, table linen, and the like. As a rule, it is advisable to work entirely and solely with white threads, but for fancy articles, such as the pincushion case in No. 4, it is admissible, and indeed preferable, to use a little colour to match the rest of the embroidery, this being in my example produced by machinery. There is an infinite number of threads that are available nowadays for such embroidery as this. There are Peri-Lustas, Lustrines, Wildspurs, Bright-

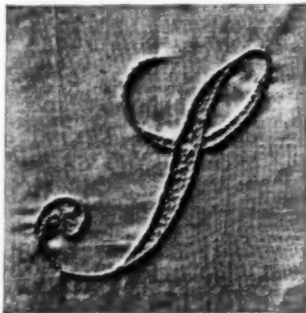
eyes, and a dozen more; indeed, it would seem as if every shop had its own separate name for what seems really the same make of thread though perhaps wound and labelled in a different fashion. Personally, I should recommend a worker who is about to undertake the more elaborate kinds of embroidery to use the D.M.C. *coton à repriser*, which is very soft. It may be described as a sort of filoselle, inasmuch as that it is made up with a number of strands wound together, but only loosely, and in such a fashion that two, or three, or more of these may be used together instead of the whole thickness, according to the purpose for which they are required. Workers who prefer a twisted thread may like the Peri-Lusta Flossette, which may be obtained in as many as eight degrees of thickness to suit

all styles of design. It gives a crisp appearance to the embroidery and certainly is better suited than the D.M.C. *coton à repriser* for such work as is not intended to be raised. The softer cotton lends itself better to the moulding that is required for raised satin stitch.

The general method of executing satin stitch is probably well known to most of my readers. They are aware that the needle is brought up from the

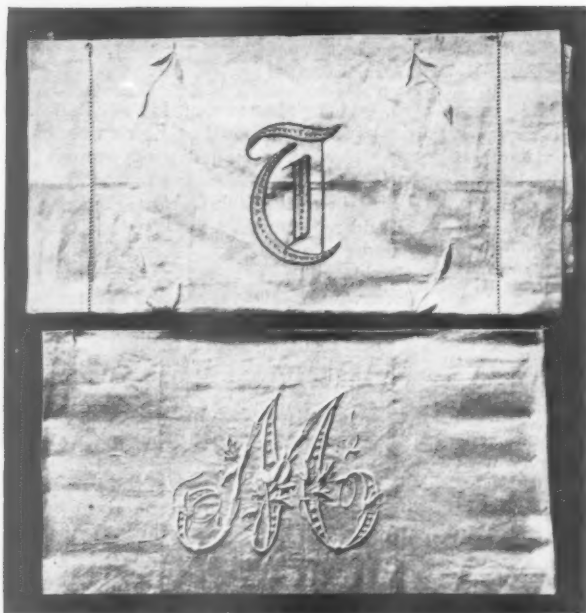
wrong side of the work on one of the outlines, and is passed down through the opposite outline to be brought up again by the side of the first stitch, as shown in No. 5.

Sometimes the stitches are allowed to lie slantwise, sometimes quite straight across the design. The needle is turned very slightly inwards at the ends of the stitches in order to round the work somewhat. Care should be taken also to carry them just a shade beyond the outlines so that these are completely hidden. It does not look well on a new article to see the blue or pencilled lines of the tracing when this can so easily be avoided.



NO. 1. A VERY SIMPLE LETTER.

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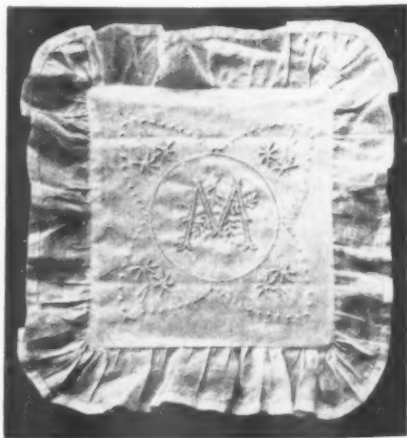
NO. 2. OLD ENGLISH "T" WITH RED OUTLINING
NO. 3. AN "M" ELABORATELY WORKED.

Now we come to the matter of the padding which provides the relief. Experienced workers differ considerably as to the manner in which this should be executed. Some go so far as to use a tiny pad of cotton wool moulded with the fingers till it is as nearly as possible the shape of the detail that is to be raised. The larger details are managed in this way, but the majority of embroideresses consider that in small items they get quite as good an effect by running or darning a number of stitches over the letter (see No. 5) in an opposite direction to that which is afterwards to be taken by the covering stitches. It is usual to run these stitches all over the letter first, taking up as tiny a piece of the linen as is possible in making each stitch—only enough in fact to hold it firmly in its place.

This single line of running is usually enough for the rows of overcasting which form such fine details as stems, but for the broader parts of the design more and more of the running stitches are required till in the centre there are three or four sets one over the other. The padding is necessarily less high at the sides, but should gradually

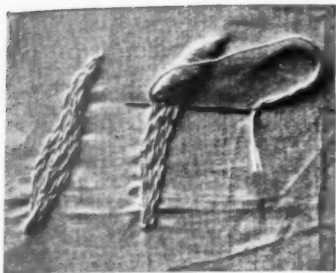
be raised till the highest part is in the centre. Everything in this way must depend, as I have before said, upon the size of the letter. The details given here are purposely worked rather boldly in order that the method of executing them may be the better understood. Generally, a slightly thicker make of cotton is employed for the padding than is needed for the satin stitch, but this can best be decided by the worker herself after she has made a few experiments.

Among the many helps that are provided nowadays for inexperienced embroideresses we find composition letters, such as that in No. 6. This letter "B" is a great favourite, because of the rings in the centre which give it more style than a plainer initial could have. It requires to be pasted or tacked down to the background and then covered with satin stitches just as in the way I have detailed above. It is not a bad plan, I have found, to carry a line



NO. 4. PILLOWCASE COVER WITH "M" WORKED IN TWO COLOURS.

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NO. 5. SATIN STITCH AND PADDING.

of running along the edges of the composition letter to soften them somewhat, and to obviate all possibility of their working their way through the covering stitches. These composition letters are quite inexpensive, and wear and wash admirably. Many amateurs use them as part of the decoration of fanciful painting on wood, where they have very much the effect of carving in low relief.

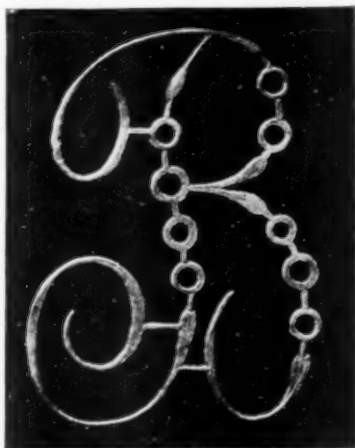
In No. 2 we have an extremely simple letter "T" which can be arranged quite easily by any woman who can wield a needle and keep her stitches even. In the model two colours were employed, all the outlines being traced with a fine line of ingrain scarlet cotton. This is put in with the usual outline stitches, and they are made very small in order that they may be carried round the curves without any angular appearance in any part of the letter. Dots of the scarlet are made down the centre of the broad part of the letter. These may be represented by French knots if the worker pleases, but in the example they are each composed of two back-stitches, one being worked exactly on the top of the other. This is far easier to many amateurs than is the working of the knots. In the widest portion of the letter there is still an open space that would be the richer for a small amount of embroidery. In the original this takes the form of very close herring-bone stitch worked just as it

might be upon garments made of flannel, but more firmly and more compactly executed. White thread, which looks very rich considering its simplicity, is used in the specimen.

Our illustration No. 7 is of a letter that is almost entirely carried out with raised satin stitch, the exception being an eyelet hole which serves as the centre of the daisy which ornaments the "W" and the overcast stitch which does duty for the stem of the little floral spray. Upon such a letter as this a beginner would have a good opportunity of trying her skill at satin stitch, for, simple though the needlework be, the satin stitch widens out in places, and in others diminishes to a mere line of overcast stitch which should set as firmly and evenly as a cord upon the background.

Notice must be taken of the way in which large leaves are worked in satin stitch. Should the stitches be too long they will not set flatly on the design, and it is therefore necessary to work the leaf in two sections, the division down the centre, of course, answering to the midrib. Many a novice goes wrong by expecting too much of her stitchery, and is surprised, when it comes home from the laundry, to find how very untidily and loosely it sets on the linen owing to the excessive length of the stitches.

A more elaborate letter—an "M" this time—is shown in No. 3. It is large enough for table cloths, sheets, and articles of a similar



NO. 6. LETTER "B" FOR PADDING.



NO. 7. A SIMPLY WORKED "W."

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size. The satin stitch here is freely used, but there are several features that do not appear in the letters previously illustrated. The initial itself is large enough to have the outlines worked with satin stitch instead of with mere overcasting. Between the double lines are several bosses of satin stitch raised rather high above the background, and varied somewhat in size according to the width of the space to be devoted to them. The usual overcasting, worked rather less compactly than is necessary in some letters, makes its appearance in the fine scrolls and stems, and some details are daintily outlined and are partially filled with dot or seed stitch. These stitches may best be described as isolated back-stitches. Only about two threads of the material are taken up in making each of these stitches—just enough, in fact, to hold it in its place. It will be noticed in the illustration (No. 3) that the rosebud is partly worked with seed stitches, and that in the leaves one half is carried out in satin stitch, and

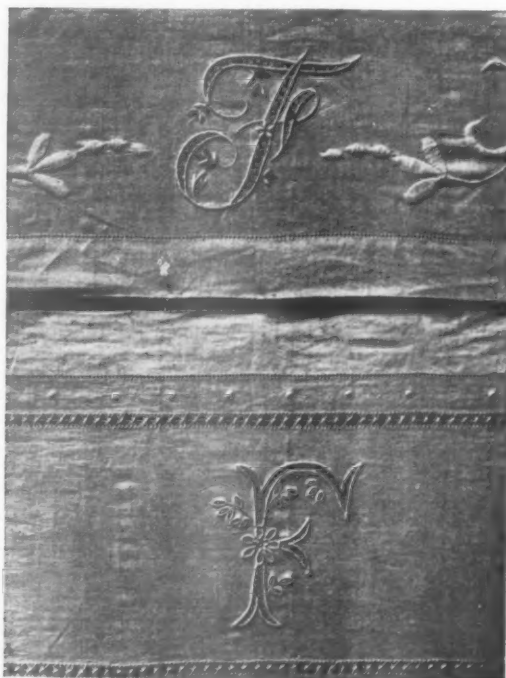


NO. 8. LETTER "E" WITH OPENWORK ON A DOYLEY.

the other half with these tiny dots. This style of working a letter should not be attempted by way of a beginning, but, when a little practice has been had, it will be noticed that it combines all the most useful methods of embroidering a really handsome initial.

A mixture of openwork with the heavy satin stitch is a great improvement to the appearance of any letter, and a simple way of managing this is shown in the eighth illustration. In some letters there is, of course, more space for the exercise of skill in the execution of this drawn thread work than in others. In this letter "E" we find rather a broad outlining of satin stitch. The centre portion is drawn out in a series of tiny squares, every alternate one of which being filled with a single *point d'esprit*, or if preferred, with ordinary buttonhole stitches just caught together in the centre. Some of the leaves in the sprays that spring from this letter are filled entirely with rows of outline stitch, but so minute are they that the difference between them and the series of seed stitches used in other places can scarcely be distinguished in the illustration.

The "F" in No. 9 shows a similar arrangement of drawn thread



NO. 9. "F" IN TWO COLOURS ON A TRAY CLOTH.

NO. 10. "F" IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE ON A DUCHESSE CLOTH.

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squares, and some of these are filled in with *point de reprise*. The addition of a little colour among the leaves and in the centre of the flower is a great improvement, and it is still more suitable for such letters as the "M" in No. 3.

The tenth and last illustration is also that of a letter "F," and it ornaments with great success the centre of a Duchesse slip. Such slips, beautifully embroidered and embellished with drawn thread work, may be bought ready-made at any house-furnishing establishment, and their further decoration with a handsome initial increases their beauty without interfering, as in some styles of ornamentation, with their utility. They make acceptable presents, and the touch of individuality in the embroidered letter greatly adds to their beauty in the eyes of the recipient. The "F" in this example is different from the others that I have shown in being not only filled down the centre with drawn thread work, but in having some of its details produced in eyelet-hole embroidery,

or *broderie anglaise*, as it is sometimes called. This lightens the appearance of the letter very considerably, and, as most readers know, it is not troublesome to manage.

In the model the flower petals are overcast at the edges, and are filled in with the usual dot, or seed stitch, the leaves themselves being in the *broderie anglaise*.

I should need a whole number of THE QUIVER were I to try to describe all the many ways of executing letters. As it is, I have no space in which to touch upon the method of producing them with cross-stitch, which in the hands of a clever worker may be made as presentable on the wrong as on the right side. Enough has been said to show my readers what an infinite variety may be made in the stitches that can be used for the embroidery of letters, and every housekeeper who takes a pride in her belongings will be glad to know of different ways in which she may ornament her household linen and various fancy articles.



Magazines for the Month

THE *Girl's Realm* for July is a holiday fashion number, containing special fashions, and articles on "Fashions and their Followers" and "How to Wash Dainty Summer Wear." That very valuable series "Careers for Girls" is continued, and deals with Research Work and the prospects it offers the educated girl. There is abundance of good fiction in the shape of bright short stories, and a second instalment of the great novel competition. This number, in short, is admirably adapted for the approaching holiday season.



SHOULD "every flying minute" be given "something to keep in store"? Those who believe in the gospel of the strenuous life assure us that it should. But the Rev. Herbert W. Horwill, M.A., is of a different opinion. Writing in the July number of *Cassell's Magazine*, he declares that sheer waste of time may sometimes be

the truest economy. Dr. Haydn Brown gives us some valuable and practical advice in his article entitled "Health Watch-words" which appears in the same number, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B., points out women's real life-work in her article on "The Secret of Happiness."

The fiction pages contain delightful stories by J. J. Bell, Max Pemberton, Douglas Sladen, Henry A. Hering, Paul Urquhart, and other well-known writers.



IT seems impossible to conceive a magazine more suitable and more interesting to children than *Little Folks*. The present number includes "Peggy D.O.," "Iredale Minor," "Round the World on an Aeroplane," "The Adventures of a Teddy Bear," "The Tiggly Wiggly," "How we got our Alphabet," "Little Folks of Greece and Turkey," and "Little Folks' Nature Club."



The Passing of King Edward

THIS is the first opportunity I have had of sharing with my readers the grief we all feel at the sudden passing away of King Edward VII. It is one of the penalties of a world-wide circulation that we have to go to press such a long time in advance that passing events, however important, can only receive belated notice. My last number was on the machines when the news came. I should have liked to have made it a Memorial Number, and, in common with the Press and the people of the entire world, have paid our tribute to his memory. But, of course, this was impossible. Now the world has moved on a turn, and we are once more in the busy throng of things. But Edward VII. lives in the hearts of those he loved and served, and the memory of his short but glorious reign will not lightly fade away.

Our Dolls in India

AT last I have received tidings from India of the dolls sent by our readers in the recent Competition. The lady missionary who received the First Prize Doll has written me a long letter, from Coimbatore, S. India. She says: "The box of dolls from the THE QUIVER Doll Dressing Competition arrived last Wednesday. It was such a pleasure to open the box and take out the dolls one by one; they were all so prettily dressed, each one was worth examining in detail. But Miss First Prize was easily recognisable. She is a beauty, indeed; most tastefully dressed. I soon thought of a destination for her. There is a little girl about eleven years old belonging to our Home, at present in the municipal hospital here. She was a little famine orphan, rescued about eight years ago and brought to these parts from Gujerat. She and her little comrades were very lovingly cared for by the missionaries who first took them, but the great privations in childhood have left their marks of weakness in her constitution.

A few weeks ago she developed pneumonia and there was not much hope of her recovery, but happily she was spared and is getting better. She has been feeling very sad and lonely in her weakness at the hospital. When I took her the doll I wish the lady who dressed it could have seen the joy that lit up her face. We had a very happy half-hour, which I think I enjoyed quite as much as she did, as we undressed it, admiring every dainty little garment, and then dressed it again. When I left her I think the feeling of loneliness had all gone, as she lay back again with her beautiful little companion by her side. She is a child who has been very nicely trained, and will know how to appreciate and take care of her treasure."

From a Land of Heat

ANOTHER lady missionary—this time from Bezwada, S. India—writes a most appreciative letter acknowledging the receipt of the dolls. "We cannot have our prize-giving till we return from the hills," she says, "partly because the weather is too hot for entertainment now (100° in the shade) and partly because we have not got in all our dolls yet. But we shall write and tell you, after we have given them, how much the dolls was appreciated."

An Appeal from Japan

THINGS Japanese are much to the front at the present time, and I am grateful for an interesting glimpse of life in the Far Eastern Islands which a correspondent in Japan gives in a recent letter. She tells me that for twelve years she has been working, practically single handed, among the young girls in the factories, boarding-houses, and hospitals of the city in which she is living. She writes: "There are sometimes nearly 3,000 girls living in one boarding-house inside factory walls; all brought up from

CONVERSATION CORNER

the country on a three-years contract, and it is in this boarding-house, and the adjoining hospitals, that we have more or less a free entrance." She asks our readers to kindly send her parcels of old Christmas cards, dolls, etc., for use among these girls. I am sure some of my readers will be able to give this help. Her address is Miss Janie M. Holland, 13, Kawaguchi Oho, Osaka, Japan. She adds: "Dolls are much prized, but if sent, on the Customs Form it must be clearly stated 'For Charity,' or 'For Factory Children.'"

For Educating Poor Boys

READERS who are interested in the National Refuges and *Arethusia* Training Ship Society will be glad to learn that the Fishmongers' Company have just made a grant of twenty-five guineas to the Society for the purpose of securing a wood-turning lathe, and a metal and screw-turning lathe for their Shaftesbury School at Bisley as a further aid to technically instructing the boys. The Carpenters' Company, and the Armourers' and Brasiers' Company have also each sent £5 for the same object.

Our Holiday Number

EVERY one of my readers, surely, is now thinking and planning for the holidays, and I want to make this preliminary announcement that my next number is to be of a special holiday character. I am quite willing to admit that in the summer months it is a natural tendency to seek some lighter kind of reading than that which we are able to enjoy during the long winter evenings. Especially is this so in August, and in my next number I am giving special prominence to the stories. First of all I have secured a long complete story by Miss H. Halyburton Ross, who will be remembered as the author of that charming story "Mary of the Muir," which appeared in our pages some months ago. Like its predecessor, "Johnny Hamilton, V.C.," is a sketch of village life in Scotland, and will particularly appeal to our northern readers.

Summer Stories

MISS FLORENCE BONE will be remembered for the charming tale she contributed to our Christmas number. Another story from her pen is to appear in the

August number. It is entitled "Mistress Mary's Garden," and introduces the renowned John Wesley and his village preaching. "In the Orchard," by Emily M. Rutherford, "The Honeymoon Holiday," by Ethel Tyrrell, and "The Burden of Love," by A. B. Cooper, are the titles of other stories which will be found particularly suitable for holiday reading.

"The Gospel of August"

AMONG the most popular of ministerial writers for the press, the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland comes easily to mind. Under the pen-name "W. Scott King" he has written articles, stories, and children's letters which have delighted millions of readers. He has kindly consented to write a holiday article for my Special Number, and is calling it "The Gospel of August." It will be illustrated by pictures of some of the most charming holiday scenes in the world, and will form a most attractive feature of your next QUIVER.

The Indians' Picture-Language

AN Englishman long resident amongst the North American Indians has been able to obtain some almost unique specimens of the wonderful picture-language, which was at one time the only method of writing among those savage tribes. These specimens have been secured by Mr. Morley Adams, who is reproducing them, with full explanations, in my next number, in an article "Bible Stories as Word Pictures." This is a feature which none of my readers should miss.

Dr. Horton on Prayer

AMONG the more serious items of our August number, I may mention that Dr. Horton is writing on "Problems of Prayer." I feel that this article will be a source of help and comfort to many an unsettled soul. Then there are articles descriptive of the work of a Bush Parson in Australia, and also a visit to the Gordon Boys' Home, as well as the regular monthly features.

The Editor



THE POKER THAT BECAME AN ANGEL

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON

THEY lay together in the fender of the burgomaster's study, a poker and a shovel and a pair of tongs, all made of brass and all bright and shining. The poker was used far more than the other two; and before long, one end of it was black and twisted. This made the others sneer.

"Oh, ho," said the shovel as he reflected the firelight; "how common and dirty you look. Now, if you never did much work you would be like us, bright and shining and beautiful. I shouldn't like to be you."

"Yes," broke in the tongs. "If I am used I only just touch the coals very gently, and so I hardly get dirty at all. Indeed, all my dirt rubs off. Annie, the stout house-maid, just gives me a rub with a rag every morning and I am as beautiful as ever. It is really very nice to be so superior."

Something in the tone of the tongs riled the poker; and no wonder, for it must be hard to meet a tongs that is so conceited. At first the poker felt so angry that he could hardly speak. But at last he managed to say: "Superior, indeed! Why, you silly old tongs, everybody knows you are merely just two pokers fastened together and rounded out at one end. Don't you go losing your head with conceit. For a tongs without a head would be just two bits of brass, and not even a poker."

"Now, poker," answered the tongs quite haughtily; "be quiet, or I'll pinch you. I'm grand for pinching. Somebody once pinched a little girl with me, and it served her right, but I can still hear her squeal. Look out, or——"

"Oh, dear," interrupted the fire; "do be quiet, you brazen-faced quarrellers. I

want to go out, but if you all get angry I must stay in to make everything cheerful. Still, I quite agree with all that has been said about the poker. Now and then he pokes me tremendously, especially when I am thinking of going out. Let's hope he'll soon be used up. Dirty old thing!" And the fire hissed at the poker as you have heard it do many a time.

The poor poker found this so discouraging that he gave up all idea of taking his own part, and felt very sorry for himself.

"Oh, dear," he murmured; "it is terrible to do so much work and be so despised. I've half a mind to try and hide away." And he was very melancholy indeed. But as things turned out he had little reason for sadness.

One day, when the burgomaster's study was empty, the door opened, and in came the burgomaster's daughter and a young man. She held his hand and he kissed her, and yet they seemed very sad. For a time they looked at each other, and then they looked together at a picture on the wall. It was a picture of the girl's dead mother.

"Oh," said the daughter; "if mother was alive it would be all right. But father thinks a brass-founder's work is so ugly and dirty that he will not hear of my marrying you. And I do love you so, and——"

She could say no more and began to cry. The young man comforted her; and then he said: "Dearest, I really can make beautiful things if I have time. I am not always making shovels and tongs. Let me have that much-used poker there, and you shall see."

She gave him the poker and three kisses, and one more outside the door; and he went away.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

The next morning he took the poker to the foundry where he worked, and begged permission from his master to do as he liked for a little time. This was given him, and before long he had heated the poker in a vessel within a fierce fire so that it was molten. While it was melting he made a mould; and the other apprentices marvelled at his skill, for they could see that its design included a face at which he worked with much care. He allowed no one to help him cast, and the next day he showed his work-fellows an angel he had made out of the old and despised poker. In triumph he carried his work to the house of the burgomaster; and his own true love looked at it with smiles and tears. The reason for her tears was the face of the angel, which was the face of her dead mother in the picture.

Together they placed it on the mantel-piece of the study, and late in the afternoon the burgomaster came home from the Town

Hall, and there he beheld the angel with the face of his dead wife. For a moment he was speechless, but at last he found words.

"Daughter! Daughter!" he cried aloud; "who has made for us this angel? It is an artist like to him I should like you to marry."

At his words there entered his room, hand in hand, his daughter and the young brass-founder. They told their story; and the wedding was three months later.

While the feast was going on, the poker that had become an angel called out from his high place: "Hello, shovel and tongs there, who is superior now? I hope you and all children really know by now that those who do the best work and the hardest come off best in the end. As for those who scarcely ever work, they——"

Just then he remembered he was an angel, and as angels are always kind, he said no more.

THE STORY OF THE WATER-VOLE

By EMILY HUNTLEY

THERE is a place where always a little song is being sung, night and day. Sometimes the children hear it as they sit in the sun making daisy chains; then they say, "Listen! the stream is laughing over the pebbles."

But often no one notices the music, though the ripple of it is woven into the robin's song, and the skylark carries up the echo into the blue, and the sway of it makes every little flower on the brink dance for gladness. Sometimes the moonbeams come down to join the streamlet's song, and as they play upon it every moonbeam breaks into water stars which chase each other till the moon-mother goes to sleep.

These things happen by the stream, and the little people whose homes are in the brown earth awake, for their eyes are made so that they can see without windows in their houses, and moonlight is quite as good as daylight to them.

A little round head that almost fills the round hole just above the water-edge; two very round eyes that shine like diamonds where a moonbeam touches them, and that see the sleeping fishes in the stream, the sleeping frogs among the grass, the hungry

birds with big round eyes that do not sleep, and the soft reeds swaying in the water; two very round ears that hear the pattering of tiny feet as the dormouse scampers home with his supper and the little shrews run in and out of the old tree roots by the water, looking for tasty morsels!

A moonbeam riding on a ripple comes right up to the little round head and says, "Come out to play"; and out it pops, followed by a nice fat little body with the best-fitting cosy coat you ever saw, a jolly little tail, and four sturdy legs. This is playtime indeed, when the water-vole may chase his playmates and play hide and seek among the overhanging roots, when he may dive for the joy of it and swim just to feel the ripples dancing in his fur. Well he knows there will be no cruel giant boys to cry out "Water-rat!" and throw stones at him to-night.

So the sounds of his splashes mingle with the streamlet's song, and underneath the ripples there is a tiny crunch, crunch, which only the sticklebacks can hear, while he helps himself to the juicy green coat which the water-reeds wear.

To-morrow when the children come to

THE QUIVER

gather reeds and pretty yellow flags they may wonder to find little teeth marks where the flags grew under the water, and bits of the reeds all stripped and bare. We will not tell them the secret of the queer little orange-red teeth which nibbled their supper there last night.

That is your introduction to little Mr. Water-Vole. He *much* prefers that name to the vulgar one of "Rat." And really he is much more like a pretty squirrel than a rat.

But because most children have never learnt that if you would really see the wild folk at home you must be as still as that old log that sees all that happens by the stream, they have never had more than a peep at a poor, frightened little creature racing or swimming for dear life to get home from the giants who chase him.

Now if you will just sit by me here in the shade of the trees for an hour, never whispering or moving or coughing, only watching and listening and breathing softly like the trees, I will promise you a peep into a world as wonderful as fairyland, and I think you will often come yourself and peep again.

The grasshopper will sing with the stream just to keep you awake as you watch, and who knows but a spider may sling his silken threads across your coat, and a kingfisher may use your shoulder as a diving board? Do you see, just opposite to us, a little round hole in the bank among the tree roots? That is the front door I told you of, where the moonbeam came to play. Can you find any more holes? I can count ten. Two are close together under that root, and one is there half in the water!

Every hole is a little doorway into as cosy a home as you could wish to see.

But you say, "How can any creature be so foolish as to make his doorway with never a door to close it, just where the water can rush in and flood him out at every storm?"

Well, some day you may gently poke a stick as far as you can reach up one of these doorways, and you will see how wise the little builders were; for always a long, dark passage leads upwards to a house safe beyond the reach of any flood, and roomy enough for a happy family, with bedroom and larder too.

But we will not whisper such secrets, for here comes the house-owner himself.

Now we can see his big round eyes, brown

and gold where the sun lights on them. See how he peeps all around, looking for any moving thing. He looks straight at us, but because we are so still he never guesses we are the giants he so much fears. Look! he is sitting up just like a squirrel. What a pretty little fellow he is! His coat is not grey at all, and he is not a bit like the rats that live in the barn. His fur is soft and brown and his queer little tail, just a tiny bit "feathered," exactly the right kind of tail to guide him, like the rudder of a little ship, when he goes for a swim.

Why, what has happened to him? The brown coat has gone, and he looks like a dark grey rat! He has changed his mind about the calls and is busy down there below the water. You can watch him winding in and out gathering dainties for a meal. What is he finding? There are some who say he is very fond of fishes' eggs; perhaps that was why little Mr. Stickleback darted so fiercely from the reeds just now. They say, too, all sorts of things about baby frogs and grubs which will grow to dragon-flies some day; but just now he is only nibbling at the duckweed, and surely no one will grumble at that.

Ah! here he comes up again; he cannot stay long under water. What a splendid swimmer he is! Yet his legs are short, and he has no webbed feet like the frog or the duck. How does he do it? Surely his fur must help. See how he gives just one shake as he comes out of the water, and his fur is brown and dry as ever. While he was swimming every little hair became covered with tiny water bubbles, just as though it were *breathing* in the water, and the bubbles made it look grey, and helped also to make a way through the water. What would you not give to wear a "swimming coat" that would help you to swim and would be dry with just one shake?

Now he is off! Trace him along under the tree roots and past the doorways of his friends. Has he gone on a trip to the nearest garden? Well, we will not blame him if he has, for something keeps whispering to him of days when the juicy reeds will be brown and hard, when ice will cover the streamlet, and only the tiniest song can be heard by the dwellers beneath; and Someone has taught him to store food for those days for himself and his babies—that is all.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

I CANNOT help thinking, my dear Companions, that the announcement of Our Scheme fitted happily, coming, as it did, in May, with your joyful spring mood. As I write there lies before me a pile of your letters which are so generous and joyous, and so warmly responsive, that I am gladdened. Next month you shall see some of these in print, and others of the many which—I hope—are yet coming to me.

We who have been comrades during the past few months know, of course, Our Scheme by heart. But for the sake of those new readers whom *THE QUIVER* is always attracting, we will outline it at the end of our chat. Meanwhile, let me say that our friend Violet Little, whom we have sent to Canada in the care of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, is getting on very well. The news does not come directly from her. A lady who knows both Violet and me writes that she is bonny and happy. She has been staying with kind people in Montreal. We must hasten to get the £23, mustn't we?

You are expecting to hear some of my suggestions as to how it can be managed. I was careful to make a note of my own thoughts about this before your letters on the Scheme came in. So if I have hit on some of the same plans as other Companions, you must not think me guilty of stealing!

First of all let me say that I hope every one of you will regard Violet as her or his own dear Companion, to be helped in every possible way in the spirit of our motto. I want you to do this because then you will share the real delight of our responsibility. There is such a glorious honour in being able to give even one of God's little ones the chance of a beautiful life. Don't you agree? You see, one can never tell where the influence of Violet's life, if she is good, as we hope she will always be, is going to spread. One of my play pleasures, when I was a little girl, was to throw stones into our small river. Leaning on the wooden rail of the narrow bridge, I have spent hours in flinging pebbles and studying the ripples that followed, dreaming many a day dream as I watched. You understand? Wider and bigger the circles would grow, till the grassy banks

prevented their extension. We, by our saved pennies, our work, and maybe our self-sacrifice, are giving Violet a chance to be an influence whose circles no one can limit.

Only a short time ago I was in Westminster Abbey. It was one of the days which I shall never forget. Crowds of us were mourning for our late beloved King, Edward VII. As I heard the guns booming, and then the marvellous music of Handel's "Dead March," and saw the honour that was paid to the King's memory, I remembered some little incidents that I had heard only a short while before. At the time King Edward was at Biarritz, whence we hoped he would return well and strong, we were drinking his Majesty's health. One who had lived by Sandringham for years was telling us about the King at home there. We heard of his quietly beautiful acts, the deeds that do not get reported in the newspapers—his tender interest for the boys and girls on his estate, for the old, and the sick, and the way he shared the sorrows of his neighbours. And listening to the thrilling notes of the Abbey organ I thought: Edward the Peacemaker has won renown all over the world. His wise statesmanship and his never-failing generous courtesy have brought him the homage of millions. But don't you think, as I then thought, Companions, that his highest fame is in the hearts of those who know his unwritten deeds of kindness? And we can all win that kind of fame, too.

Perhaps some of you feel you cannot do more than a tiny bit to help Violet. Never mind. The loveliest garden is made by the beauty of the individual plants and flowers. And how tiny some of the flowers are! Look at that border of Forget-me-nots. What wee, wee things are the separate blooms!

Once I was at a church foundation-stone-laying ceremony. Rich men brought their big gifts, and other people laid on the stones offerings which could not have caused them any sacrifice to present. It was all very cheery. Then there was a hush. The minister told of one who was a real heroine of the day. I knew her, and watched her

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trembling at the outer edge of the crowd, hidden by folks more smartly dressed. Such a queer little poke bonnet of white straw she wore, with a blue ribbon, and a grey shawl partly covered her cotton frock. She stooped because she was old and tired. Her home was the workhouse, and she had nobody belonging to her. In fact, I think she was like some of Vera Harding's old ladies. Sometimes visitors to the workhouse gave her "coppers" to buy tea with, as a treat. For ever so long she had been saving up those precious pennies, and on the stone-laying day she brought a whole shilling towards the building of God's House. It was really the "fair fruits of self-denial." And I can't help thinking that we can some of us imitate the little grey lady.

Among the boys I know and admire immensely is one who is, and always has been, an invalid. He is about seventeen, I believe. In spite of his weakness, he is a "brick." (May I use slang, do you think?) He is keenly interested in missionary work, and belongs to a band of boys and girls who are responsible for the maintenance and education of some Chinese boys. Money was badly needed for their funds, and my friend wanted to help. But "How?" was the question. For his own amusement he had learnt chip carving and beaten copper work, and these crafts gave him the key to the problem. He worked for nine months, making all sorts of useful things—boxes, frames, stools, etc. At the end of the time an aunt of his arranged an afternoon sale at her house. Everything sold, and instead of the £2 for which the boy hoped, at the end of an hour or two he had £8—all the result of his own labours—for his missionary fund. Wasn't it splendid! Does it inspire any of you?

Three other friends—girls this time—have won my admiration for their practical

enthusiasm. They, too, were wishful to help a missionary fund, and they were all girls who had to earn their living. They set out on a "trading" plan. Each put aside threepence. One bought crochet cotton, another wool, and the third a piece of ribbon for a tie. The materials were made up, the articles sold, and fresh stuff bought, and so on. At the end of three weeks they came to me with a delicious surprise! For I hadn't a shadow of an idea of what they were doing, though we were working for the same missionary day. They told me their methods, and dropped into my hand two golden sovereigns—the result of trading with a capital of ninepence.

If we all co-operate—each following the plan that is most practicable—we ought to get our £23 easily. And if we all co-operated with enthusiasm and steady determination, why we should be able before very long to launch on that bigger, more ambitious scheme of mine.

Everyone can make some little self-denial, and give the fruits of it to our Barnardo Fund.

Some of you can try the sale plan. Or

musical boys and girls could arrange drawing-room or schoolroom concerts instead.

Or if some of you say: "I haven't any talents. I can't sing or play, or embroider, or make things," well, here is an idea for you. Have a birthday or another special kind of party, and charge your guests admission. Let each pay a halfpenny, or a penny, for every year he or she has lived. The older the guests were the more money your fund would receive, do you see?

The trading plan can be carried out by almost anyone, and I like it, for it calls out all sorts of inventive faculties, and does everyone who tries it real good.

I am specially anxious for there to be real co-operation among my Companions in the scheme. Possibly some of you



ISABEL YOUNG IN HER GARDEN.

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

already belong to the Young Helpers' League. Then anything you do to help Violet will be an extra bit of self-sacrifice carried out quietly. But many of you are not doing anything of the kind, and there are places where we have Companions where no Y.H.L. exists. I want such members to unite in twos and threes, and larger numbers, and form a

"Quiver" Companionship Group

"How do we set about it?" do you ask? Well, get as many of your chums as you can to join our Companionship. Then there will be a link between us, and membership will bring a share of the responsibility and joy of service. Afterwards, two heads being better than one, you will find it much jollier and more easy to assist. If you are so isolated that you cannot arrange such a group, then do your best alone, like the invalid boy I have told you about.

My hope is that we shall in this way very soon double or treble our membership. If every one of you starts right away along these lines, then we shall be able to celebrate our first birthday with rejoicing. Don't forget I am always delighted to hear



MARGARET FARBRIDGE AND HER BROTHER THEO.

from you, and shall be really glad to help you in any possible way toward success.

Now for our monthly

Prize List

Some excellent Puzzle Papers were sent in. The first prize is won by *Winifred Toplis*, age 16 (Kingswood, Bristol). Her conundrums, which were exquisitely neatly sent in, are printed below. The answering of them is the

New Competition

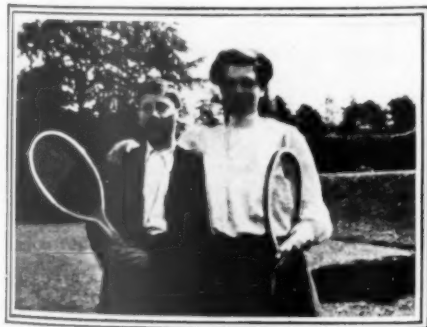
Foreign Companions will enjoy trying these puzzles, so we will

have Sept. 26th as the last day for the reception of answers. Home Companions had better send in their solutions as soon as found, or they may be overlooked.

The second prize I am sending with pleasure to *Dorothy Cropper*, age 14 (Chepstow). In the Junior Section the papers were not up to the usual standard, I am sorry to say. Some of you did not realise that original puzzles were required, and I found one or two very antiquated specimens among the papers. But I am awarding a special prize to *Freddy Pritchard* (Wimbledon), for two puzzles. Freddy is only seven, and has done remarkably well. He sent me a charming letter, illustrated with a daffodil of his own drawing.



GLADYS RICHARDS



NANCY MUIR AND HER BROTHER.

THE QUIVER

The Letter Prize

goes to *Margaret Farbridge* (age 9), whose home is in Japan. You see her picture; isn't it pretty? Unfortunately there is not room for all of her letter here, but I hope another will come later on which we shall have space for. Margaret says: "We live close on the beach of the Inland Sea of Japan, five miles from Kobe. Three years ago I went to school there. I went ten miles every day in a rikisha, but the heat was too great, and every day when I came home I had bad headaches . . . I will try to get some of my friends to join the Corner." So I hope we shall soon have a QUIVER Companionship in Japan.

I have such a lot of other interesting epistles in

My Letter Case

but, alas! I fear nearly all the space is used. Here are just a few notes:—

EDIE TAYLOR has recently moved to a new house. "We have a nice garden," she writes, "and one little piece of it belongs to me. I am going to have some flowers this summer. I am very fond of flowers." Bravo, Edie! You will be able to enter the competition, anyway.

RENA THOMSON is going in for the Scottish "Leaving Certificate" exam., and is working very hard. "I have almost completed my first year of studying for this examination, which is held throughout Scotland at the same time. This year I have tried Higher French and Higher English. The results are not known till June." I am sure we all hope the "results" were happy ones for Rena. Do you all like exams.? I hate them. Isn't that a dreadful confession?

G. NORMAN WHYTE likes the Motto Designing Competition. "I think it is a splendid idea to originate the colouring and drawing of it, and I mean to try myself. I take quite a pleasure in reading our 'Corner' every month. It is so very pleasant to have part of the magazine specially interesting."

KATHLEEN M. CRAGO was rejoicing over her school hockey club's success. "We have played several matches this term," she wrote, "and we won all but two." She is going to Brittany for her summer holidays. We shall hope for a most entertaining letter from her while there.

NANCY MUIR (whose picture you have here) writes about her games—hockey, cricket, lacrosse and golf. "I am going in for the Children's Championship"—in golf—she says. Good luck, Nancy. "I like the story and poetry competitions best, and hope there will be another one like the one on 'Winter' soon," she adds.

Besides these I have charming letters from Win-some Marsh, Madge Brierley, D. Jean Best, Marguerita Foss (S. Africa), Meta Uys (S. Africa), Marjorie Hayward, Mary Mohan, Clarice Hilton, Isabel Hale

(Australia), Vera Black, Isabel Taylor, Eileen Nelson (Australia), Gertrude Allam (another of our picture senders), Annie Davies, Stewart Bergheim, Evelyn Betts, Elsie Goodyer, Elinor Jones, Frances Winsor, Irene Collier, Robert Wardrop, and many others.

Will you let me remind you that I should like a photograph from every Companion, and the dates of all your birthdays?

The Puzzle Competition

No. I.—WHEEL PUZZLE

Slow of understanding.

A man's name.

To trip.

Crowded.

A precious stone.

A hollow.

An image.

To lean idly.

The words form the spokes, and their initials, read round the wheel, beginning at the top, form the name of a flower.

No. II.—CROSS PUZZLE

1. A number.
2. A youth.
3. A verb.
4. Generous.
5. Heathenism.
6. A fruit.
7. Something to eat.
8. An exclamation.
9. A period of time.
10. A girl's name.

My central letters, read downwards, through the cross, form the name of an English town.

No. III.—MISSING LETTER PUZZLE

L - t - s - h - n - e - u - - - d - o - n -
- i - h - - e - - t - o - - n - - a - e ;
- t - l - - c - i - - i - - , - - i - - - u - s - i - n -
- e - - n - o - a - o - - - n - - t o - a - t .

When the spaces have been correctly filled, the words will form a quotation from one of Longfellow's poems.



GERTRUDE ALLAM.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

NO. IV.—DIAMOND PUZZLE

A letter.
A deep hole.
A girl's name.
Dishonest men.
A famous general in the South African war.

A town in South Africa.
Sudden fright.
A cave.
A letter.

I am, believe me,
Yours affectionately,
ALISON.

To become a member of the Corner, a reader should fill in the coupon which will be found in the advertisement section, and send it in as directed. This membership admits to all competitions, etc.

The Companionship has undertaken definite work in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and all the young folks who read *THE QUIVER* are invited to become Companions and to lend a hand in the enterprise. To begin with, a small girl, Violet Little, has been adopted. Her outfit and journeying expenses to Canada (£10) are being provided, and the cost of her boarding-out in the Dominion (£13) is to be provided each year. Violet left for Canada in March. The fuller story of the scheme appeared in the May *QUIVER*.

The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

General Baden-Powell and the Lane Scout

I HAD the honour lately of being thrown into the society of one of England's many, yet most modest, heroes—General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, of undying Mafeking fame. He is a grand man, and grandest of all in that he is himself least conscious of the fact. He is now Chief of the Boy Scouts, and is ceaseless in his wanderings here, there and everywhere to guide, stimulate and organise the new movement on a healthy basis.

A little incident happened while I was with him, and one worth telling. When the Scouts were assembled in all their bravery—fine lads, bearing themselves as those who possessed ideals—the question arose among them as to who should present the colours to the General. It was a great honour, and one every boy would have been proud of. But the lads are well trained, not in marching and counter-marching only, but also in that without which there can be no true manliness—not to think of self first. "Honour to whom honour is due," they say, whether he is the youngest and poorest, or oldest and richest, and the Scout law demands that each lad shall do some good turn to somebody every day. So, for the highest honour they had to confer, they chose—a cripple boy!

So far as this particular company at all events is concerned, I regard this as the

high-water mark of the Scouts' moral training, for it is as natural for the young and strong to despise and mimic the lame as it is for them to jeer at the inebriate. And there was a time when these lads had been in the habit of doing something of the kind with Scout James Shelton. They had dubbed him "Hoppy," and without meaning to be unkind had yet been often enough careless about the sensitive feelings of the lad. Now, however, he is no longer "Hoppy," but endearingly called "Jimmie," except on Sunday, and at Church Parade, when he is called James.

How the little fellow became a Scout is interesting. He knew his drawbacks, but the soldier-soul was in him, and he longed to rank it with the rest, and offered himself to the Scoutmaster. This gentleman is one of the kindly-hearted sort, but was rather nonplussed at such a request from such a quarter. Scouts were for scouting, forced marches, hazardous assaults, and all that kind of thing, and no doubt he remembered the axiom which is as true as any in Euclid—that the pace of a regiment depends on the pace of the slowest. In which case, if Jimmie were listed, his company would always be the first to come last! But a bright idea struck him. Even in camp it is not every one who is a militant member; there are multifarious duties which even a Quaker

THE QUIVER

would not hesitate to perform. So Jimmie was "taken on the strength"—to tidy-up and keep the drill room orderly, and this he has done so well that he has become the pet of the boys. When they are out skirmishing in the country they take Jimmie with them as the "wounded comrade," for it is against all traditions for the British army to leave its wounded on the way. Thus Jimmie has come in useful; and very sweetly, with kindly smiles and words of warm appreciation, the hero of Mafeking received the colours from the cripple.

I had a chat with him afterwards about this incident, and it was evident his thoughts were running much upon it. "There is a place for these," he said musingly, "if we could only find it." I suggested sentry-duty, flag-signalling and such-like. He smiled with his wise, kindly smile, as the expert smiles indulgently on the amateur, only saying thoughtfully, "Every one can do something."

Yes, and even our wee maimed cripples are not useless. Most of them can "do something." We think of them commonly as passive burden-bearers, silently carrying their tragic load of suffering. This, alas! they must do, yet many of them have deft hands, shrewd cute little heads, if only they had the wherewithal to put them to use. Allowing for the utterly helpless, there are at least 8,000 such *poor* maimed ones in London alone, in the care of the Crutch-and-Kindness League, but the struggle of father and mother to keep a roof over their heads leaves no margin for letting the deft little hands and cute little heads find scope. I would appeal, not to the members of the League only, but to every reader, to help. The pencil, the box of paints, the jack-knife, the worsted, knitting-needles, and the like—what weary, dreary, lonesome hours these could beguile! And there are so many other toys and things, discarded at length from the nursery; how they would be prized! Gifts of this kind,

new or old, will be gratefully received by Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., who will also send, for a stamp, all further particulars of the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

New Members for the Month

Miss Allpress, Chatteris, Cambs.; Miss Maud Ashley, Shanghai.

Miss B. Baker, Exeter; Miss H. M. Berry, Grimsby; Mrs. H. A. Ballon, Belleville, Barbados; Mrs. Batchelor, Monkton Combe, Bath; Mrs. Bennetts (per); Miss Annie Scott, Mrs. T. W. Reece, Miss M. Tennent, Canterbury, New Zealand; Miss M. Bishoff, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Cyril Brown, Shababad, India; Miss M. S. Bulpin, Reigate.

Miss Lena Carpenter, Bushey, Herts.; Miss Kate Charlton, Bampton, Devon; Miss F. Clark, Stroud, Glos.; Misses B. and M. E. Chettleburgh, Norwich; Mrs. Coles, Okehampton; Miss Lallie Cowley, Whittingham, Northumberland; Miss D. M. Collingwood, Parkstone; Mr. Fredk. Crowder, Gainsborough; Miss Leslie Cubeson, Mitcham.

Miss H. Duncombe, Worthing.
Miss Fear, Victoria, Australia; Mrs. and Misses Futter, Halesworth, Suffolk.

Mrs., Mrs. Wm. and Miss Garforth, Panjaub, India.

Mrs. B. Hobbs, Burgess Hill, Sussex; Miss Dorothy Holloway, Market Harboro'; Miss Etty Hollamby, Haywards Heath; Mrs. Chas. Hawkins, Wimborne; Miss Ruth Hewlett, Sheffield; Miss E. Higman, Beaworthy; Miss A. C. Hird, Southport; Miss L. Hope, Grosvenor Street, W.; Miss Elsie Hutchins, Regent's Park, N.W.; Miss Audrey Hudson, Cambridge; Miss Marjorie Hunter, Woking; Mrs. Hornblower, Anerley.

Edgar J. Julian, Esq., Plymouth; Miss Justican, West Kensington.

Miss Mary Little, Southport; Miss O. S. Lloyd, Brecon.

Miss L. Netherwood, Lindley, Huddersfield; Mrs. Newport, Bristol.

Miss M. A. Penrose, Ballinamore, co. Leitrim; Miss Olive Philpott, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Miss Clara Poole, Preston; Mr. Wm. Porter, Portstewart, co. Derry; Miss L. E. Preston, Ampthill, Beds.; Miss Gladys Pulein, Calne, Wilts.

Miss Eva Read, Botley, Hants; Miss Lily Rowell, Bournemouth; Miss I. Rainer, Kimberley, S. Africa; Miss Gladys Rogers, Degamoy, nr. Llandudno.

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Duty of Keeping Fit and Well.

OBESITY'S TERRORS DISPELLED.

WE all of us owe a duty to ourselves in keeping the body fit and well, and the mental faculties undiminished in power and brightness. This is essential to our life's serious work, as well as to the enjoyment of our rational relaxations.

Obesity is one of the worst enemies of this perfect condition of body and mind. Over-stoutness is so often neglected, and its development is so insidious, that chronic obesity results ere we are well aware of the gravity of our condition, and that dread disease brings so many other maladies in its train that not to take the warning of growing fatness and adopt the sure means of successfully checking it, is to be culpable of neglecting a serious duty.

The one reliable means of curing obesity in any of its stages is the Antipon treatment, the fame of which is world-wide. Hundreds of voluntary acknowledgments of the great worth of Antipon as a reducer of obesity and a tonic of splendid value lie at the offices of the Antipon Company for the inspection of all and sundry. It is very convincing testimony.

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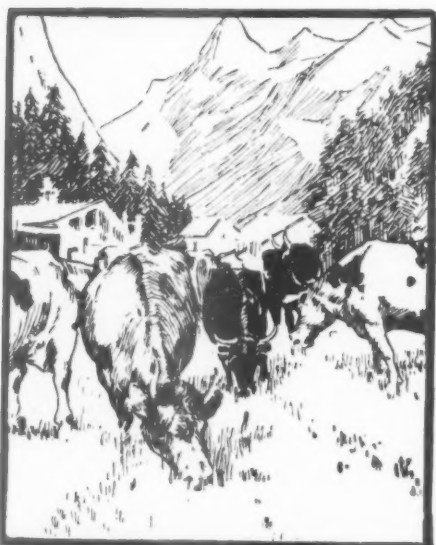
takes away nothing but unwholesome fat and waste matter; in return, it gives vitality, strength and correct proportions; comfort, ease of movement, bodily activity; freedom from depression; and the enlivening sense that the cure is a permanent one.

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Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

JULY 3rd. PICTURES OF THE KINGDOM

Matthew xiii. 31-33, 44-52

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's parables of the Kingdom. (2) The coming Judgment. (3) The final separation.

BY a set of beautiful pictures, exquisitely presented, the great Teacher shows the importance of the spiritual life when contrasted with the temporal, suggesting by one perfect comparison after another that the things most worth having belong not to this world but to that which is to come. No one would reckon the late Queen Victoria amongst the idealists, the visionaries, the inspired fanatics of our race. But in the "Life of Archbishop Benson" a strange and deep thing is recorded of her. "As I get older," she said, "I cannot understand this world. I cannot comprehend its littleness. When I look at the frivolities and littleness of people, it seems to me as if they were all a little mad."

Where we Stand

In view of the Judgment Day which lies ahead, and of which Christ speaks in this lesson, it is the duty of every one to prepare for it. And yet how many there are who never give a thought to that day when all our records will be made known. A well-known evangelist tells of a bright business man whose business became very much involved. Some of his friends went to him and said: "If you will go into your affairs and find out just where you stand, we will help you out." But he was too proud to admit that his affairs were tangled, so he shut his teeth, clenched his fists, and tried to plunge through. But instead of plunging through, he plunged into utter financial ruin, ruin so complete that though he was an able business man in some respects, he never got on his feet again, and when he died some years later he did not leave enough money to pay the expenses of his funeral.

It is better to know how and where we stand, for without this knowledge disaster is inevitable. And the greatest matter of all is to find out how we stand with regard to Jesus Christ, for upon that hangs our future destiny.

JULY 10th. REVIEW.

THE early ministry of our Lord has formed the subject of the past quarter's lessons, and we have seen how He taught and healed. All down the ages that influence has been at work, and wherever Christ and His message are received into the heart there comes a transformation of life and conduct.

Dr. Alexander Duff, the honoured missionary of the Scottish Church, started in 1823 for Bengal. He took with him a beautiful library of 800 volumes, for he fully intended to found in India a school of science. Arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, the ship on which he was sailing was wrecked, and all his books were lost. When later he stood on dry land, saved himself, he noticed that the waves had washed a book up on the shore. When he went to see what it was he found that it was his own little pocket Bible. Dr. Duff perceived that God by this means had a message for him, namely, that he could not overthrow Satan's kingdom through human knowledge and wisdom, but with God's Word, the only two-edged sword able to conquer the powers of darkness. With his Bible as his only weapon he went to his field of labour, and richly were his efforts crowned with success.

JULY 17th. PETER'S CONFESSION

Matthew xvi. 13-28

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Master's question to His disciples. (2) Peter's bold reply. (3) The coming death and the pathway of suffering.

Reflecting Christ

PETER's bold declaration with regard to the deity of Jesus Christ should not be overlooked in these days when so many efforts are being made to rob our Lord of His divine character. But it is not enough to believe Him to be the Son of God; it is essential that our lives should be a reflection of His. There is a story of an artist who desired a copy of a picture in an old Roman palace, but was refused permission. Day by day he went there and gazed at the masterpiece until every line and every colour of it burned

THE QUIVER

into his soul. Day by day he worked at home, trying to reproduce it, adding each day some new touch, until his work was finished. When people saw it they said, "It is a masterpiece," and they desired to see the original. So, when men see Christ reflected in us, they grow hungry to see the beauty of His face, the original.

The Triumph of Suffering

"If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." These words of Jesus to His disciples form part of our lesson. The pathway of suffering is ever the way to victory. When cruel Claverhouse drowned Margaret MacLauchlan and Mary Wilson in the salt flowing waters of the Solway, he drowned the older woman first in the hope that the younger, who was only a girl of about eighteen, would recant; and when the water was gurgling down the throat of that faithful, humble Scottish woman, they said to her companion from the shore, "What do you see now?" "I see Christ suffering in one of His members," answered the girl in her teens. Both were drowned, and both have left behind a splendid testimony that suffering many a time is a crown of glory to God's children and a joy to the heart of the Redeemer.

JULY 24th. THE TRANSFIGURATION

Matthew xviii. 1-8, 14-20

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The scene on the mountain top. (2) The disciples' want of faith. (3) The possibilities of faith.

The Mountain Top

A MAN rose in one of Mr. Moody's meetings and said, "For five years I have dwelt on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many people have you led to Christ?" asked Mr. Moody. The man seemed confused and did not answer. "If mountain-top experiences do not make us like Christ in the spirit of service," continued Mr. Moody, "we may well question their genuineness."

"I stood with a young fellow on Great Orme's Head, on the rugged coast of Wales," says Dr. Jowett. "A glorious scene it was. The sea was simply like a cup of golden light, and there were the rugged cliffs and the close-cut, healthy grass, and everything significant of beauty and glory. And the young fellow standing by me turned to me

and said: 'Fancy auctioneering after this.' He was going back on the morrow to his work. As though it would be a drop to leave the transfiguring and transfiguration glory of the mount and get down to the common labour of a common auctioneer! I should have liked him to say, 'Won't auctioneering be grand after this? Won't common labour be grand after this?'"

JULY 31st. A LESSON IN FORGIVENESS

Matthew xviii. 21-35

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The depth of mercy. (2) The king and his servants. (3) The punishment of the wicked servant.

Forgive, if we are to be Forgiven

MANY people ask God to forgive them their trespasses while all the time they are harbouring a grudge in their heart against some one. A poor, ignorant, old coloured man, who had been a slave, went to a lady missionary among the free-limen and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's Prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction until she came to the one on forgiveness. "What dat mean?" he asked. "That you must forgive everybody, or God will not forgive you." "Stop, teacher, can't do that," and he went away. Later on he appeared again, saying: "Now go on wid de prayer. I dun forgive him. Ole massa once gib me five hundred lashes and hit me wid a crow-bar, and I met him on de street, and wouldn't speak to him, but to-day I met him and said, 'How d' ye?' Now go on wid dat prayer."

One day a boy ran to his mother and said: "What does God mean when he says He will blot out my sins? What is He going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away." "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?" the mother asked. "Yes." "Well, show it to me." He brought the slate. "Where is the writing?" the mother asked. "Oh," said the boy, "I rubbed it out." "Well, where is it?" "Why, mother, I don't know." "But how could you put it away if it was really there?" "I don't know, mother. I only know that it was there and that it is now gone." "Well," the mother said, "that is what God means when He says, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

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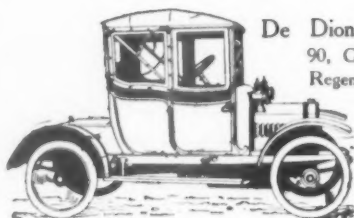
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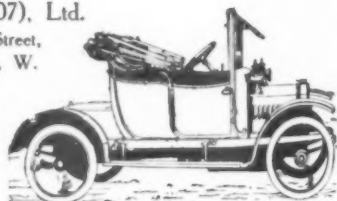
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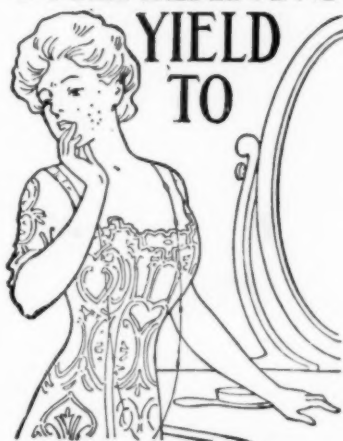
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